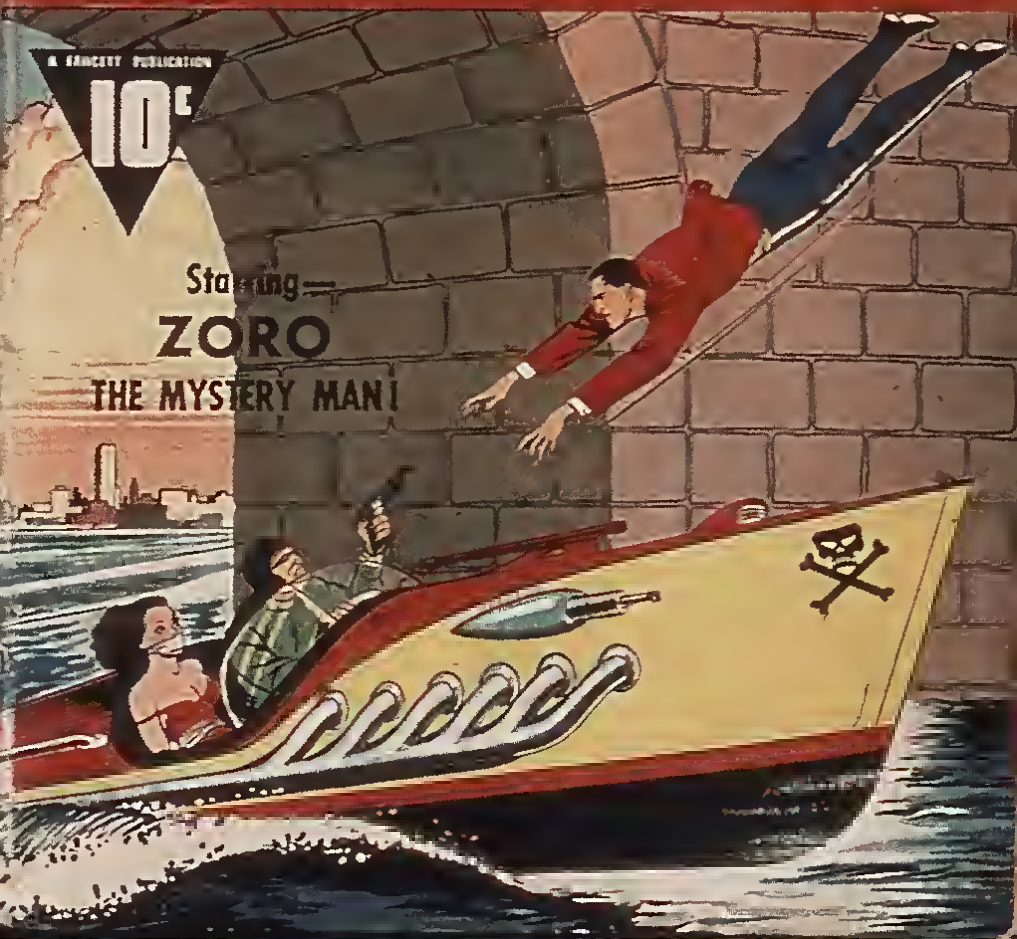
SLAM-BANG COMICS

No. 7



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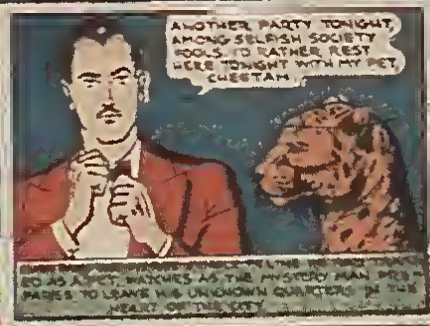
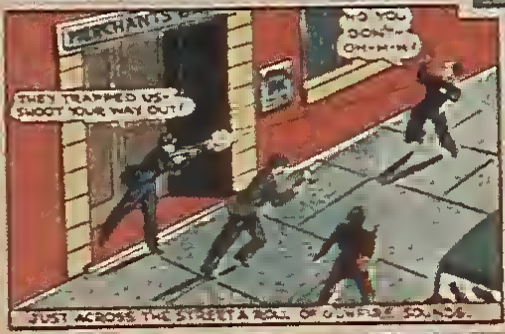
ZORO THE MYSTERY MAN

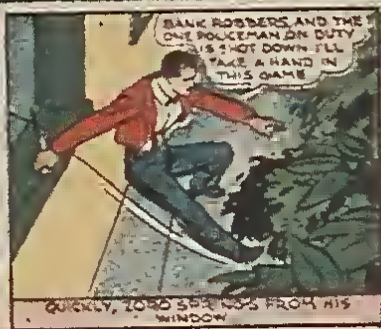
IN SOOTH KNOWS WHO HE'S OR WHENCE HE COMES—BUT ZORO, THE MYSTERY MAN, STEEL-STRONG OF BODY AND DIAMOND-KEEN OF BRAIN, BENDS HIS ENERGY, EFFORT IN DEFENDING THE DOWNTRODDEN AND IN DOLING UPON WRONGDOERS THE PUNISHMENT THEY DESERVE.



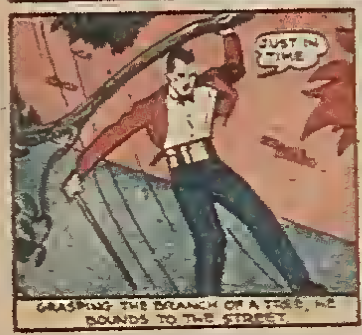
SO AS A PET, WATCHES AS THE MYSTERY MAN PREPARES TO LEAVE HIS UNKNOWN QUARTERS IN THE HEART OF THE CITY.



JUST ACROSS THE STREET A ROLL OF OUTFLUE SOUNDS.

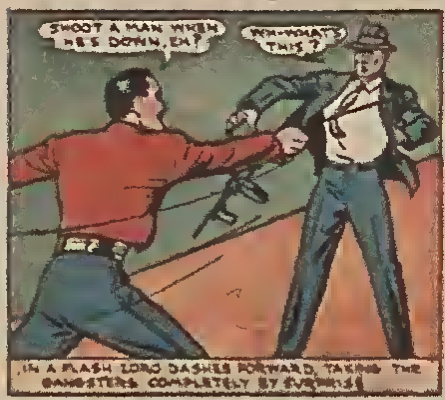


QUICKLY, ZORO SPRINGS FROM HIS WINDOW



GRASPING THE BRANCH OF A TREE, HE BOUNDS TO THE STREET.

AS THE THUGS PREPARE TO DO AWAY WITH THE INJURED OFFICER, THE QUICK-THINKING, FAST-MOVING NEWCOMER, HIS TRUSTY SWORD CANE IN HAND, SPEEDS TO THE SCENE.



IN A FLASH ZORO DASHES FORWARD, TAKING THE GANGSTERS COMPLETELY BY SURPRISE

THE AFTER TIME HIS DEFT SWORD STROKES DISARM HIS BEWILDERED OPPONENTS.

ZORO'S LIGHTNING ASSAULT DEMORALIZES THE HOODLUMS WHO FLEE.

THE OUTLAWS SCULD, THE MASTER MAN SEEKS TO HELP THEIR VICTIM. HE CALLS ON A PASSERBY.

AT THAT MOMENT ZORO SPIES A YOUTH WHO HAD ACCOMPANIED THE HOODLUMS

THE MASTER MAN'S CAREFUL SCRUTINY AND QUICK ACTION UNEARTH VALUABLE INFORMATION.

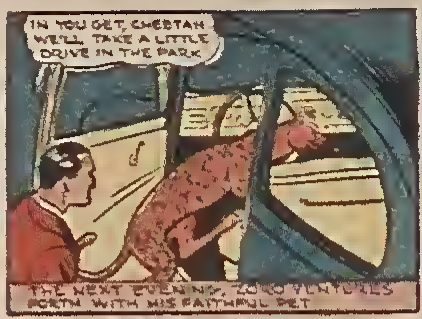
SUDDENLY, THE YOUTH REACHES FOR HIS GUN.

WHEREUPON HE LISTENS TO REASON.

SEEKING TO WIN THE BOY OVER TO THE SIDE OF LAW AND ORDER, LOLO PETERS WINS.

AS HIS CAPTOR TURNS TO ASSIST A PHYSICIAN, QUICKLY SUMMONED TO ATTEND THE INJURED PATROL MAN, THE YOUTH, HALLY, SLIPPED AWAY.

THE ROUGH LEADER ADROITLY PRAISES HIS YOUNG APPRENTICE, FILLING HIM WITH A FEELING OF IMPORTANCE AND POWER.

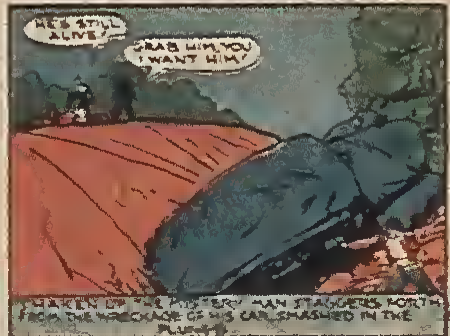

IN YOU GET, CHEETAH. WE'LL TAKE A LITTLE DRIVE IN THE PARK.
THE NEXT EVENING, ZORO VENTURES FORTH WITH HIS FAITHFUL PET.

HERE HE COMES, MR. PARKER.
GOOD. GET IN WITH US AND WE'LL JUMP HIM.
BUT AN AMBUSH HAS BEEN SET FOR HIM.

THAT'S IT—MAKE HIM CRASH.
ZORO'S CAR WITH AN UNPLATE BODY, DASHES OUT.

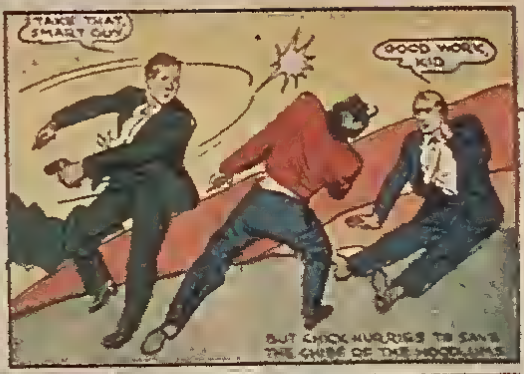
LOOK OUT, YOU FOOL!
THE MYSTERY MAN SEES THE DANGER—JUST A SECOND TOO LATE.

HE DODGED US, BUT HE'S GOING TO BE SMASHED.
SWERVING QUICKLY TO AVOID A CRASH, ZORO PLUNGES OVER THE SIDE OF THE HILL.


HE'S STILL ALIVE!
GRAB HIM, YOU! I WANT HIM!
SHAKEN UP, THE MYSTERY MAN STAGGERS FORTH FROM THE WRECKAGE OF HIS CAR, SMASHED IN THE PLUNGE.

MYSTERY MAN, HUH? I'LL MYSTERY YOU.
DAZED BUT STILL UNHARMED, HE BECOMES A MISSING LINK. THE THUGS QUICKLY SURROUND HIM.

AS HIS MIND CLEARS, THE VICTIM PLUNGES INTO ACTION, FELLING PACHO WITH AN UPPERCUT.

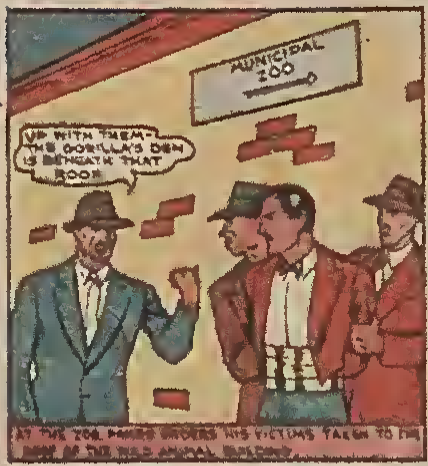


BUT CHICK HURRIES TO SAVE THE CHIEF OF THE HOODLUMS.

THE RUTHLESS LEADER BEATS THE PROTESTING YOUTH UNMERCIFULLY.

WITH CHICK AND ZORO HELPLESS PRISONERS, THE BANDITS HEAD TOWARD THE ZOO

AS THE THUGS AND THEIR QUARRY DISAPPEAR, ANOTHER MALEFACTOR OF THE MYSTERY MAN'S WRECKED CAR, CREEPS FORTH AND UNCONSCIOUS ED, FOLLOWS.



AT THE ZOO, PARKER ORDERS HIS VICTIMS TAKEN TO THE DEN OF THE [illegible] ANIMAL [illegible]

WITH THEIR BURGLAR TOOLS, THE THUGS REMOVE THE [illegible] FROM THE GORILLA DEN.

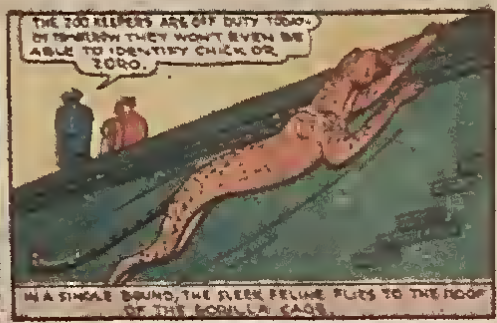
PARKER BRUTALLY KICKS HIS PRISONERS THROUGH THE HALL.

[illegible] TWO. THE [illegible] OF [illegible]

THE OLDER MAN SHUTS THE MISGIVINGS OF THE YOUTH AS THEY BRAVELY FACE THEIR DOOM TOGETHER.

[illegible]'S WORDS ARE DROWNED BY THE ROAR OF THE [illegible] BEAST.

BUT THE MYSTERY MAN'S FAITHFUL CHEETAH FOLLOWS HIS TRAIL.


THE ZOO KEEPERS ARE OFF DUTY TODAY. BY TOMORROW THEY WON'T EVEN BE ABLE TO IDENTIFY CHICK OR ZORO.
IN A SINGLE BOUND, THE SLEEK FELINE FLIES TO THE ROOF OF THE GORILLA CAGE.

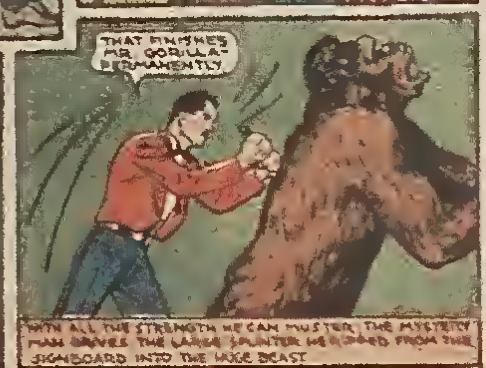
THIS IS THE END.
NOT YET—LOOK, A FRIEND'S COMING.

THE SAVAGE CHEETAH DESPERATELY ATTACKS THE APE WHO THREATENS ITS MASTER.

FIGHT HIM, CHEETAH! HERE, CHICK, TRY TO UNTIE MY HANDS!
I CAN MANAGE IT.

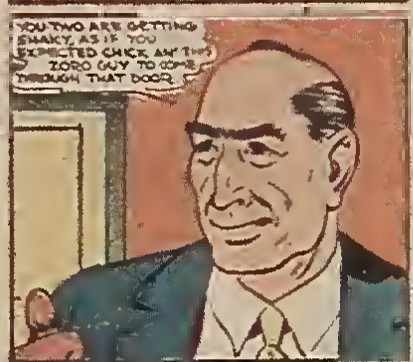
DANGER KEEP OUT
THIS WOODEN SIGN—IF A PIECE WILL BRAY LOOSE—

NOW I CAN SAVE CHEETAH


THAT FINISHES MR. GORILLA—PERMANENTLY.
WITH ALL THE STRENGTH HE CAN MUSTER, THE MYSTERY MAN DRIVES THE LARGE SPLINTER HE RIPPED FROM THE SIGNBOARD INTO THE HUGE BEAST.

AS THE GORILLA TOPPLES OVER THE TRIO LEAVES THE CAGE

AT HIS OFFICE, PAKRO JOKES ABOUT THE ESCAPADE



A GRIM ZORO ENTERS THE GANGSTER HANGOUT

AS THE LEADER'S HAND LEAPS TOWARD HIS GUN...

...CHEETAH ONCE AGAIN CHARGES.

QUICK, GRAB A CHOPPER AND SHOOT HIM!
AS THE TWO REMAINING OUTLAWS LEAP FOR THEIR WEAPONS ...

THE UNERRING AIM OF 2000 WINGS THEM BOTH ...
THAT GUY IS CHAINED LIGHTNING!
OW-W-W! MY SHOULDER!

HE'S IN BAD SHAPE, I'M AFRAID
CRIMES EVERY CROOK LOSES OUT SOONER OR LATER — DOESN'T HE?
THE BATTLE ENDED THE MYSTERY MAN ADMINISTERS FIRST-AID...

I DARESAY YOU'VE LEARNED YOUR LESSON CHICK. IT'S BEEN OFTEN SAID BUT NEVER DISPROVED THAT CRIME DOESN'T PAY
WHO KNOWS THAT BETTER THAN I DO? I'M GOING STRAIGHT
2000 THE MYSTERY MAN FINDS NEW ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF SLAM-BANG COMICS!

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DIAMOND JACK

INTO THE LAND OF WRETCHED CURSES GOES DIAMOND JACK, POSSESSOR OF AN ALL-POWERFUL DIAMOND RING, TO FIGHT A DEATH BATTLE WITH THE GREEN DRAGON.

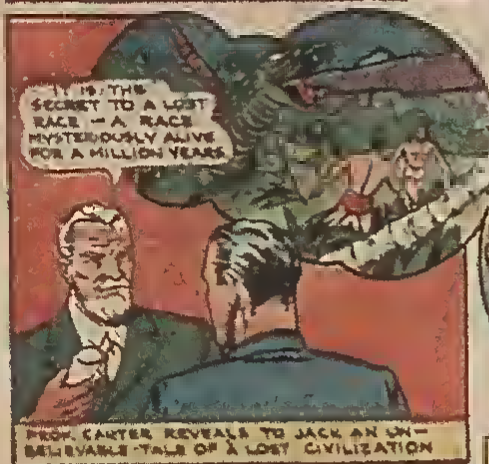
AS JACK RELAXES ON A LUXURY LINER, A CRY OF DISTRESS REACHES HIM.

SEEING TWO THUGS GIVING AN ELDERLY MAN AN UNMERCIFUL PUMMELING, HE ORDERS THEM TO HALT.

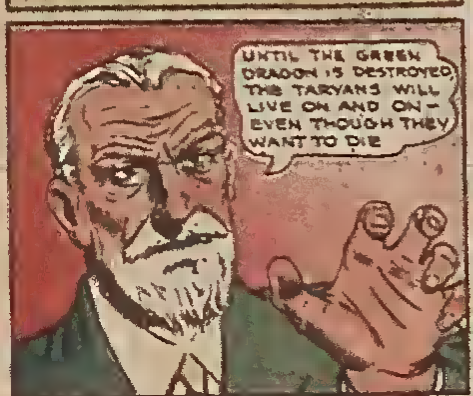
FISTS FLYING, THE MAGICIAN WHEELS INTO THE FRAY.

THERE, THAT'S THE LAST OF THEM.
OUCH!
SPINNING LIKE A WHIRLING DERVISH AND BATTLING LIKE A BEARCAT, HE QUICKLY ROUTS THE THUGS.

MY NAME IS CARTER. THOSE MEN TRIED TO STEAL MY MAP.
MAP? WHAT SORT OF A MAP?
THE VICTIM, GRATEFUL, EXPLAINS A MYSTERIOUS PLOT

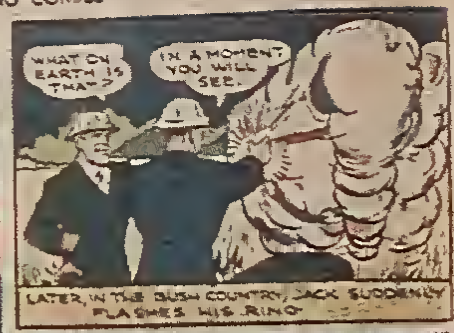

IT IS THE SECRET TO A LOST RACE — A RACE MYSTERIOUSLY ALIVE FOR A MILLION YEARS.
PROF. CARTER REVEALS TO JACK AN UNBELIEVABLE TALE OF A LOST CIVILIZATION

YOU ARE A WITCH AND MUST DIE
I SHALL THROW A CURSE ON YOU. A CURSE OF ETERNAL LIFE!
WHEN THE PEOPLE OF TARYA BURNED THE WITCH, SHE PUT THEM ALL UNDER A LIVING CURSE

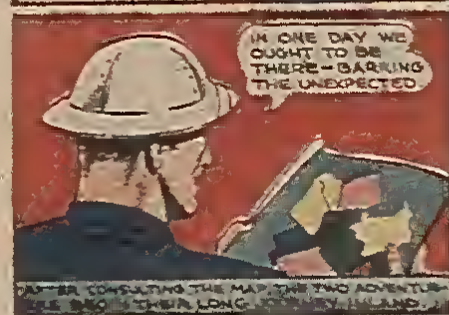

UNTIL THE GREEN DRAGON IS DESTROYED, THE TARYANS WILL LIVE ON AND ON — EVEN THOUGH THEY WANT TO DIE

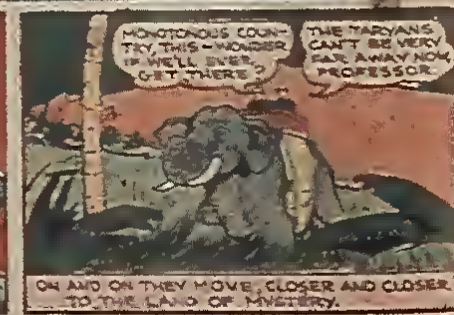
IF WHAT YOU SAY IS TRUE, I SHALL GO WITH YOU
GOOD — WE'LL START WHEN THE BOAT LANDS.

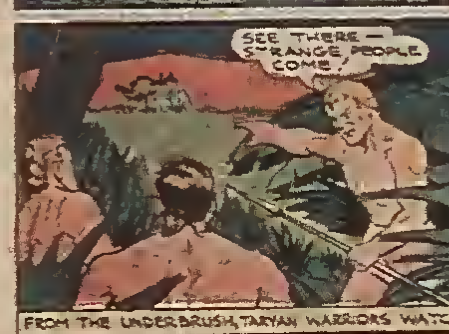
THE BOAT DOCKS ON AN ISLAND IN THE DEEP TORRID ZONE.
WE'RE ALL SET TO FIND THE TARYA CIVILIZATION NOW.
YES, AND THE MAP SAYS IT'S IN THE EMERALD OF THE SOUTH LAND


WHAT ON EARTH IS THAT?
IN A MOMENT YOU WILL SEE.
LATER, IN THE BUSH COUNTRY, JACK SUDDENLY FLASHES HIS RING

A GESTURE FROM JACK, AND THE CLOUD OF SMOKE TURNS INTO A GIANT ELEPHANT.
JUST A LITTLE SOMETHING TO CARRY US THROUGH THE JUNGLES.


IN ONE DAY WE OUGHT TO BE THERE—BARRING THE UNEXPECTED.
AFTER CONSULTING THE MAP, THE TWO ADVENTURERS END THEIR LONG JOURNEY INLAND.


MONOTONOUS COUNTRY, THIS—WONDER IF WE'LL EVER GET THERE?
THE TARYANS CAN'T BE VERY FAR AWAY NOW, PROFESSOR.
ON AND ON THEY MOVE, CLOSER AND CLOSER TO THE LAND OF MYSTERY.


SEE THERE—STRANGE PEOPLE COME.
FROM THE UNDERBRUSH, TARYAN WARRIORS WATCH.

WHEN THEY STEP ONTO THE TRAP—SPRING IT.
IN A LOW VOICE, THE LEADER [illegible] SINISTER ORDERS.

YOU SEEM WORRIED ABOUT SOMETHING

YES—I HAVE A STRANGE SUSPICION WE'RE BEING WATCHED.

HANG ON, CARTER. WE'RE FALLING!

WE'VE BEEN TRAPPED!

SUDDENLY, THE GROUND GIVES WAY AND THEY GO TUMBLING INTO A DEEP PIT.

LOOK, CARTER—THOSE ARE THE TARYANS!

COME OUT, STRANGERS.

TWO WARRIORS ARRIVE AT THE EDGE OF OF THE CHASM.

THE TARYANS HARDLY SEEM A MYTH, MY FRIEND.

HOW WELL I KNOW.

THE TWO ADVENTURERS CLIMB FROM THE PIT.

YOU SHOULD BE CAREFUL HOW YOU GREET PEOPLE.

ONCE ON SOLID GROUND, JACK LASHES OUT VICIOUSLY.

I KILL THE WHITE STRANGER!

AS THE TARYAN ATTACKS...

OH, NO, YOU DON'T.

...THE MAGICIAN WHIRLS IN TIME TO SHATTER HIS DEADLY WEAPON.

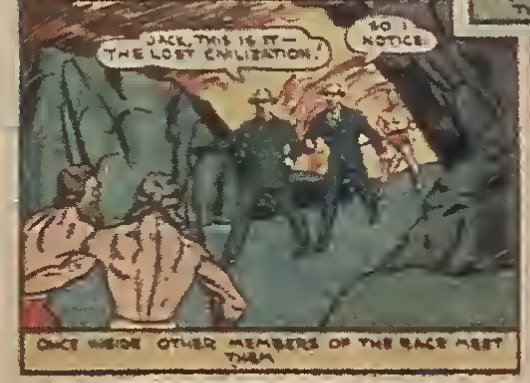
I HIT HIM HARD ENOUGH TO KILL AN OX.

BUT REMEMBER—THOUGH IT IS PAINFUL, THEY HAVE ETERNAL LIFE.

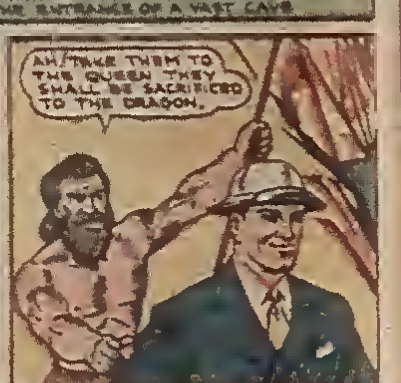
THE ADVENTURERS MARVEL AT THE STUBBORN RESISTANCE OFFERED BY THE TARYANS.

CURIOUS TO OBSERVE THE CUSTOMS OF THE STRANGE PEOPLE FIRST HAND, JACK AND PROFESSOR CARTER SUBMIT TO CAPTURE.

THE TARYANS PROD THEIR CAPTIVES TOWARD THE ENTRANCE OF A VAST CAVE.



ONCE INSIDE OTHER MEMBERS OF THE RACE MEET THEM



A BEARDED ELDER TAKES CHARGE OF THE PRISONERS.

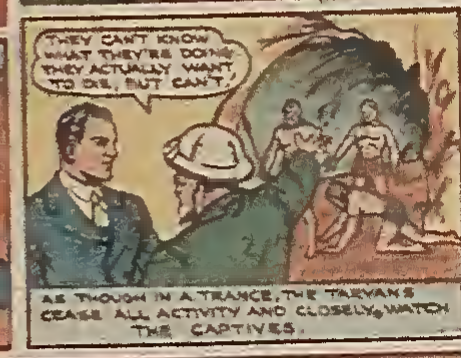
THEIR CAPTORS LEAD JACK AND CARTER BEFORE THE QUEEN OF THE TARYANS

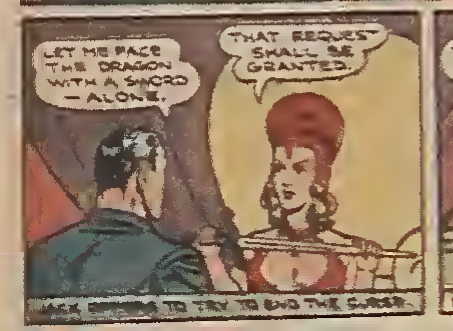
YOU TWO WILL SERVE AS A SACRIFICE TO THE DRAGON!
WHAT BECOMES OF US?

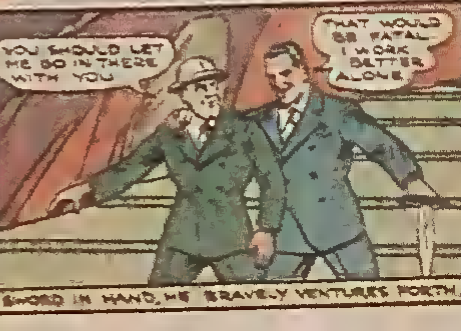
SEEING THEIR PLIGHT, JACK FIGHTS HIS WAY OUT
CAN'T SAY THAT I EXACTLY AGREE WITH YOU!

IT'S VERY STRANGE—MY DIAMOND HAS NO EFFECT ON THEM!

NO USE FIGHTING, JACK. THESE PEOPLE HAVE BEEN HYPNOTIZED FOR CENTURIES.

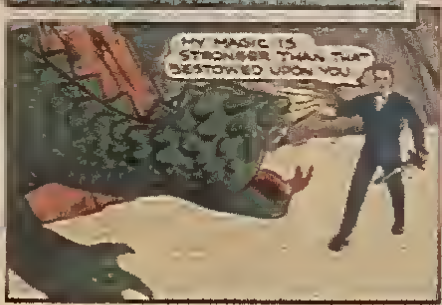

THEY CAN'T KNOW WHAT THEY'RE DOING! THEY ACTUALLY WANT TO DIE, BUT CAN'T!
AS THOUGH IN A TRANCE, THE TARYANS CEASE ALL ACTIVITY AND CLOSELY WATCH THE CAPTIVES.


LET ME FACE THE DRAGON WITH A SWORD—ALONE.
THAT REQUEST SHALL BE GRANTED.
JACK DECIDES TO TRY TO END THE SURGE.

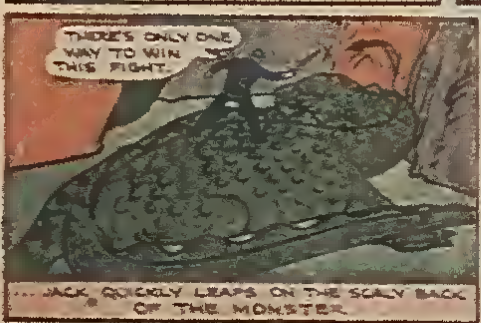

YOU SHOULD LET ME GO IN THERE WITH YOU
THAT WOULD BE FATAL. I WORK BETTER ALONE.
SWORD IN HAND, HE BRAVELY VENTURES FORTH!

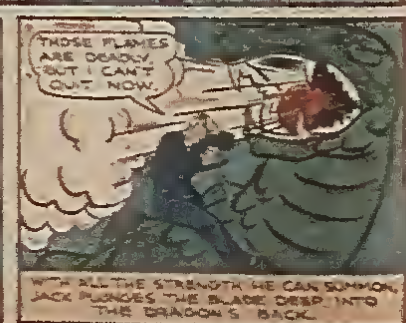
SUDDENLY, AS A HEAVY DOOR OPENS AND THE FRIGHTENED TAXIMAN CRAWLS, JACK STRIDES BRAVELY INTO THE DRAGON'S LAIR.

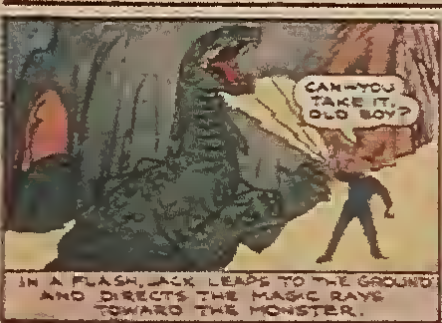
WHAT MORTAL DARE STAND BEFORE ME?
'TIS I, DIAMOND JACK.
INSIDE, THE MAGICIAN ENCOUNTERS THE MONSTER, A CREATION OF BLACK MAGIC FROM CENTURIES PAST.

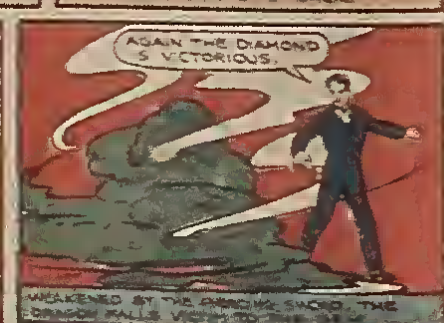

MY MAGIC IS STRONGER THAN THAT BESTOWED UPON YOU.

HA, YOU ALREADY WEAKEN.
AS THE DRAGON'S FLAMES RAGE PAST HIM....

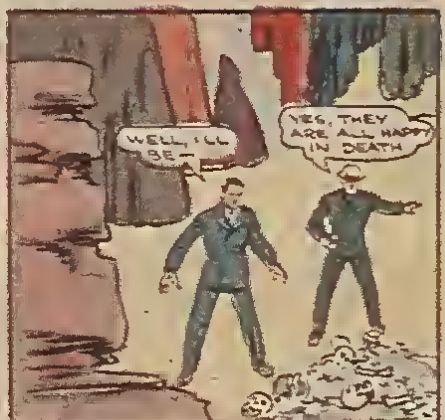

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO WIN THIS FIGHT.
... JACK QUICKLY LEAPS ON THE SCALY BACK OF THE MONSTER.


THOSE FLAMES ARE DEADLY, BUT I CAN'T QUIT NOW.
WITH ALL THE STRENGTH HE CAN SUMMON, JACK PLUNGES THE BLADE DEEP INTO THE DRAGON'S BACK.


CAN YOU TAKE IT, OLD BOY?
IN A FLASH, JACK LEAPS TO THE GROUND AND DIRECTS THE MAGIC RAYS TOWARD THE MONSTER.


AGAIN THE DIAMOND IS VICTORIOUS.

AS THE MONSTER MELTS INTO A MOLTEN MASS, THE MAGICIAN HURRIES TO REJOIN HIS COMPANION.



IN THE CHAMBER, A STRANGE SIGHT MEETS HIM.

WITH THE CURSE LIFTED AND NOTHING BUT DUST REMAINING, THE ANCIENT TARYAN CIVILIZATION SINKS MERCIFULLY INTO THE PAST.

LITTLE DOES JACK KNOW WHAT AWAITS HIM. WATCH FOR THE THRILLING OCTOBER SLAM-BANG COMICS!

BRIGHTEST STAR OF THEM ALL

QUESTION: Why is **WHIZ COMICS** America's sellout sensation?

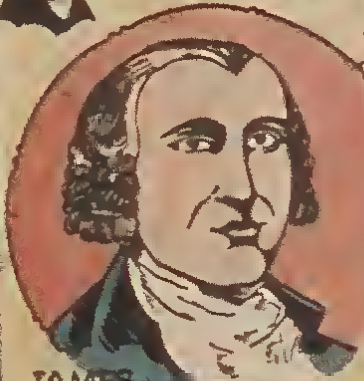
ANSWER: Because the 64 pages of **WHIZ COMICS** are packed with gripping adventure stories told in brightly-colored action drawings —and it costs only a dime!

WHIZ COMICS

10¢

WHIZ COMICS : AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND

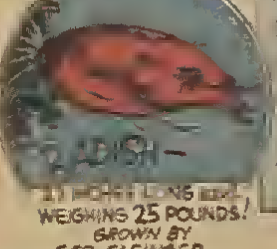
Who'da THOUGHT It



JAMES MADISON— WAS THE FIRST PRESIDENT TO WEAR LONG TROUSERS!

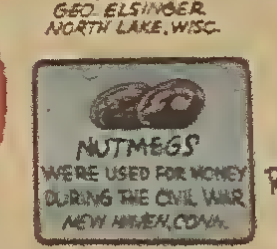
ELEPHANTS— EAT COAL AND DIRT!

The GIRAFFE— HAS... SPOTS LIKE A LEOPARD EARS LIKE A HORSE A TAIL LIKE A COW HORNS LIKE A DEER AND RUNS LIKE A CAMEL!

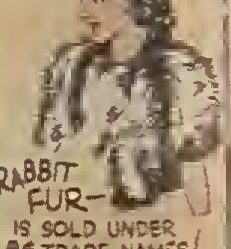


RADISH— 31 INCHES LONG AND WEIGHING 25 POUNDS! GROWN BY GEO. ELSINGER NORTH LAKE, WISC.

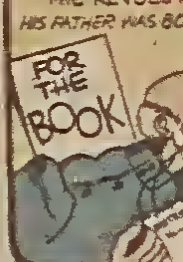
WM. WHEELER— MONTPELIER, VT.—IS THE SON OF A SOLDIER WHO FOUGHT IN THE REVOLUTION OF 1776! HIS FATHER WAS 80 WHEN WILLIAM WAS BORN



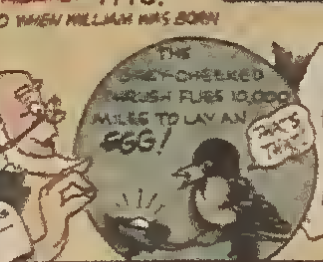
NUTMEGS WERE USED FOR MONEY DURING THE CIVIL WAR NEW HAVEN, CONN.



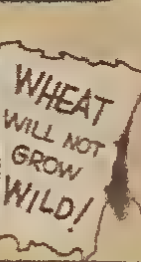
RABBIT FUR— IS SOLD UNDER 86 TRADE NAMES!



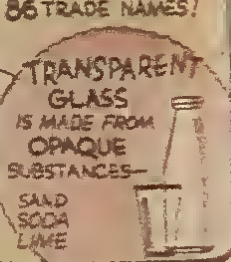
FOR THE BOOK



THE GREY-CHEEKED THRUSH FLIES 10,000 MILES TO LAY AN EGG! THAT'S THRUSH



WHEAT WILL NOT GROW WILD!



TRANSPARENT GLASS IS MADE FROM OPAQUE SUBSTANCES— SAND SODA LIME

JIM DOLAN

JIM DOLAN, HARD-HITTING EDITOR OF DARING DETECTIVE MAGAZINE, INVADES STONE-GRAY PRISON WALLS AND COMES TO GRIPS WITH A KILLER

TIME TO LOCK UP

SWING 'EM SHUT, F. ANAGAN

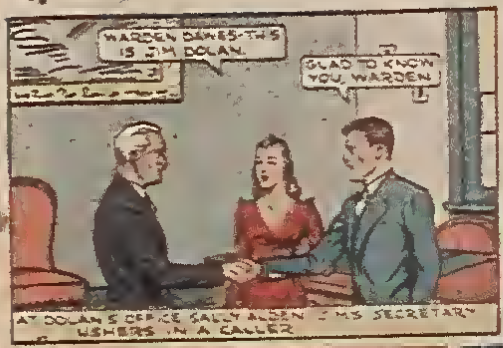
CHAHH

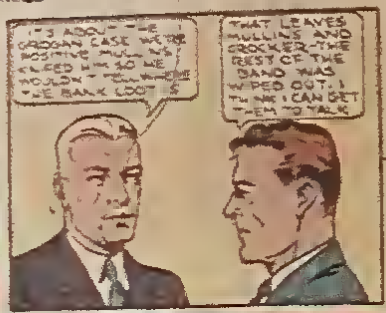
AS THE CELL DOORS SWING SHUT, A SHRILL CRY ECHOES FORTH FROM KILLER GROGAN'S CELL.

IT'S GROGAN—LOOKS AS IF HE'S DONE FOR

I'LL GET THE WARDEN

GUARDS HASTEN TO THE KILLER'S CELL


WARDEN DANES-THIS IS JIM DOLAN.
GLAD TO KNOW YOU, WARDEN.
AT DOLAN'S OFFICE SALLY ALDEN, HIS SECRETARY USHERS IN A CALLER.


IT'S ABOUT THE GRODAN CASE. WE'RE POSITIVE MULLINS KILLED HIM SO WE WOULDN'T TELL WHERE THE BANK LOOT IS.
THAT LEAVES MULLINS AND CROCKER—THE REST OF THE GANG WAS WIPED OUT. I THINK I CAN GET THEM TO TALK.

MULLINS—LOOK, IT'S DOLAN!
I KNOW IT. CROCKER—HE'S UP ON A BOND-SWINDLING RAP, THEY SAY.
LATER, AT THE PRISON, DOLAN'S APPEARANCE IN CONVICT STRIPES STIRS TALK BETWEEN MULLINS AND CROCKER, TWO HARDENED THUGS.

HE'S COMING THIS WAY.
LET'S BEAT IT—I DON'T TRUST THAT GUY.
THE CONVICTS SHUN THE PRESENCE OF THE DETECTIVE—DOLAN.

I'VE GOT TO GAIN THE CONFIDENCE OF MULLINS AND CROCKER. SAY—I'VE GOT A SCHEME.

WHAT'S THE IDEA?
YOU KNOW IT'S AGAINST ORDERS TO SMOKE IN THIS PART OF THE YARD.
LATER

I'LL SMOKE ANYWHERE I WANT TO.
TO GAIN THE CONFIDENCE OF THE THUGS, JIM STRIKES THE GUARD.

HE'LL GET THE WHIP FOR THAT, MULLINS.
THAT GUY'S GOT GUTS—HE MUST BE ON THE LEVEL.
THE INCIDENT IMPRESSES MULLINS AND CROCKER.

LATER, IN THE WARDEN'S OFFICE
SMEAR THE PAINT, MAKE IT LOOK LIKE REAL GASHES
WON'T BE LONG NOW WARDEN, BEFORE I HAVE MULLINS AND CROCKER LEAD ME TO THE LOOT
HERE COMES DOLAN
LOOKS AS IF HE GOT PLENTY, CROCKER
JIM STAGGERS OUT OF THE OFFICE
I'M GONNA TALK TO HIM.
LET'S GO—HE MIGHT KNOW SOMETHIN'
NOW—WHAT A BEATING! SIT UP AWHILE—YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT
THANKS—THEY'LL PAY FOR THIS
WHEN JIM MUMBLES SOMETHING ABOUT HIS BACK, THE THUGS LOOKING UNDER HIS SHIRT, SEE THE PAINT LINES AND BELIEVE THEM GENUINE WHIPPING WOUNDS
GOT ANY IDEAS? IF YOU HAVE, SPILL EM FAST!
I'M BUSTIN' OUT THIS AFTERNOON—GOT A GUN HIDDEN IN MY CELL
THAT AFTERNOON, AS THE TIME AGREED ON FOR THE JAILBREAK NEARS
EVERYTHING'S SET
OKAY DOWN HERE
COUNT ME AND MULLINS IN. WE GOT PLENTY OF DOUGH HIDDEN AWAY ON THE OUTSIDE—LEFT OVER FROM AN OLD BANK JOB
I CAN USE SOME DOUGH WHEN I GET OUT — HERE'S THE IDEA

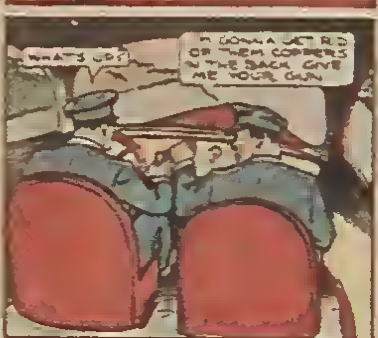
SHUT UP AND DON'T MOVE!
BACK IN HERE, YOU GUYS - WE WANT YOUR CLOTHES

GET CROCKER AND WE'LL BEAT IT
SURE, I'LL GET CROCKER
JIM AND MULLINS CHANGE CLOTHES WITH THE GUARDS

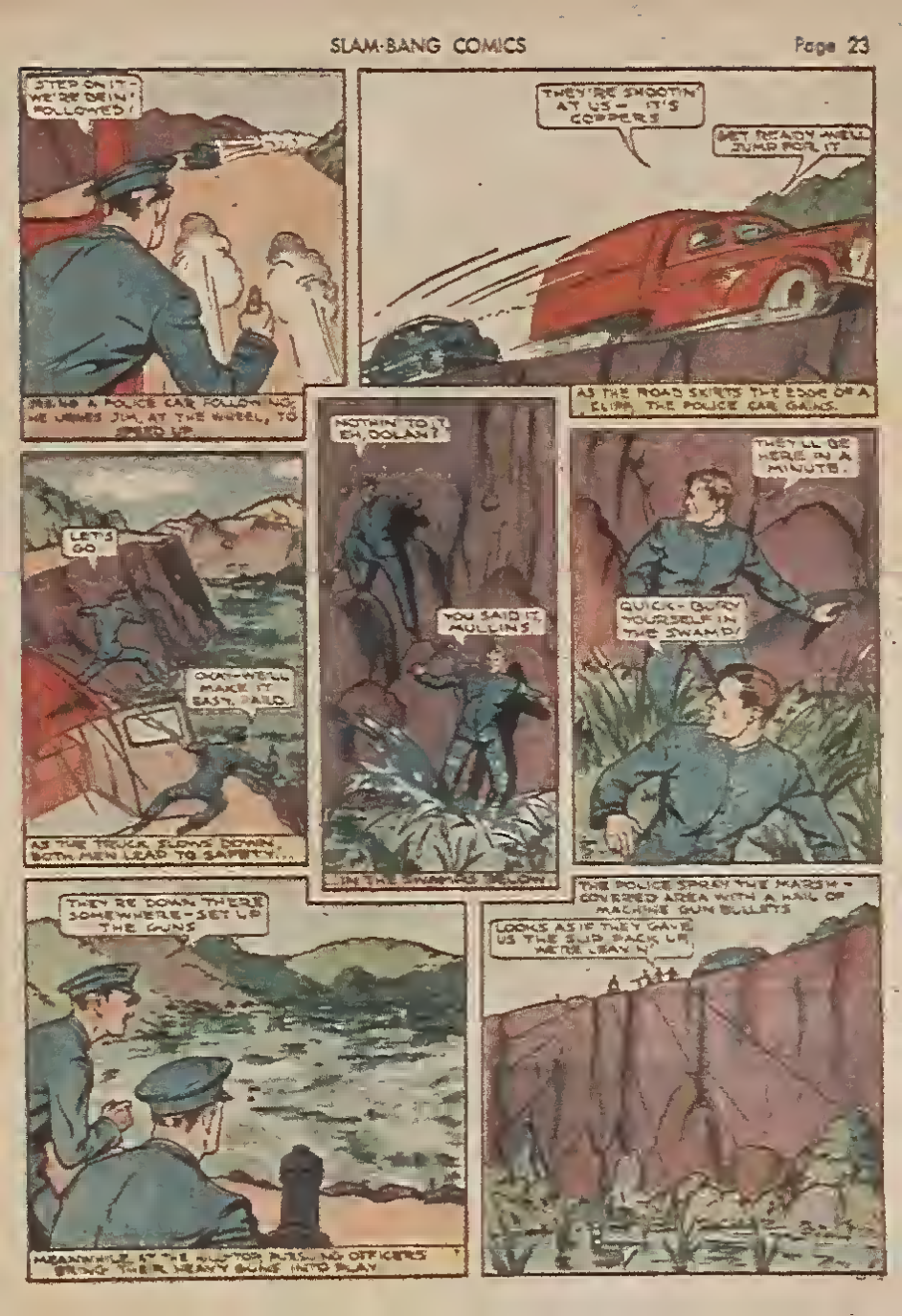
IT'S EASIER TO SPLIT TWO WAYS - THAN THREE
PAID ME OFF LIKE YOU DID GORDON, EH, MULLINS?

HE WAS ONLY IN THE WAY - LET'S GO
I OUGHT TO TURN THE KIDNAPER IN - BUT I'VE GOT TO LOCATE THE STOLEN BANK LOOT

OKAY, BUDDY - SEE YOU TOMORROW
AS THE TRUCK NEARS THE GATE, THE UNSUSPECTING GUARD PASSES IT THROUGH


WHAT'S UP?
I'M GONNA GET RID OF THEM COPPERS IN THE BACK. GIVE ME YOUR GUN

GET BEFORE I GIVE YOU A DOSE OF LEAD!
MULLINS NERVOUS, KNEES THE DRIVER, NOW HEARING THE STRUGGLE HE AND JIM DISCARDED TO JUMP FROM THE TRUCK


STEP ON IT - WE'RE BEIN' FOLLOWED!
SEEING A POLICE CAR FOLLOW US, HE URGES JIM, AT THE WHEEL, TO SPEED UP.
THEY'RE SHOOTIN AT US - IT'S COPPERS
GET READY WE'LL JUMP FOR IT
AS THE ROAD SKIRTS THE EDGE OF A CLIFF, THE POLICE CAR GAINS.
LET'S GO
OKAY - WE'LL MAKE IT EASY, PAL.
AS THE TRUCK SLOWS DOWN BOTH MEN LEAP TO SAFETY...
NOTHIN' TO IT, EH, DOLAN?
YOU SAID IT, MULLINS.
IN THE SWAMPS BELOW
THEY'LL BE HERE IN A MINUTE.
QUICK - BURY YOURSELF IN THE SWAMP!
THEY'RE DOWN THERE SOMEWHERE - SET UP THE GUNS
MEANWHILE, AT THE ALLIGATOR PATCH, NO OFFICERS BRING THEIR HEAVY GUNS INTO PLAY
THE POLICE SPRAY THE MARSH - COVERED AREA WITH A HAIL OF MACHINE GUN BULLETS
LOOKS AS IF THEY GAVE US THE SLIP BACK UP, WE'RE LIKELY N'
A

THE POLICE HAVING LEFT JIM AND MULLINS STEP OUT OF THEIR HIDING PLACE.

THEY'RE GONE

GOOD-NOW TO GET SOME OF THAT DOUGH AND SEE THE COUNTRY FOR ANY LE

SURE-YOU GOT ME OUT, AND I'M PAYIN' OFF. LEAD THE WAY TO THE OLD MILL DOWN THE ROAD

THAT'S THE WAY TO TALK, MULLINS

IT'S EASIER TO SHUT ONE WAY

BUT AS JIM STEPS AHEAD OF MULLINS THE GANGSTER BRINGS HIS GUN DOWN ON THE EDITOR'S HEAD

YA LONG SUCKER-YOU CAME IN HANDY FOR A WHILE, BUT MULLINS DON'T CUT IN NOBODY

THE KILLER TOSSES HIS VICTIM INTO THE SWAMP

WHAT A SUCKER THAT DICK WAS, GETTIN' HIMSELF IN TH' CLINK AN' THEN TRYIN' ALONG WITH ME NOW FOR THAT DOUGH

AS MULLINS LEAVES, A FIGURE DARTS TOWARD THE SWAMP

THE NEWCOMER PROVES TO BE SALLY, JIM'S SECRETARY

JIM! JIM-IT'S SALLY!

SALLY-WHAT BROUGHT YOU HERE?

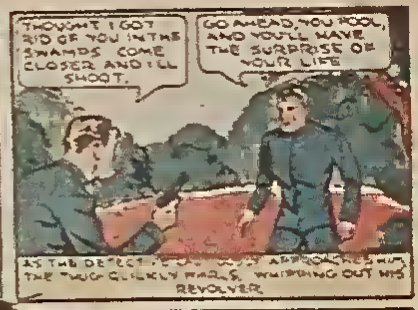
THOSE PRISON GUARDS SAW YOU AND MULLINS JUMP FROM THE TRUCK. I KNEW THAT KILLER WOULD TRY SOME DIRTY TRICK, SO I FOLLOWED YOU.

HIS SECRETARY'S FRANTIC EFFORTS BRING DOLAN BACK TO CONSCIOUSNESS

HE'S AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE-I'LL GET BACK TO TOWN AND GET THE POLICE. I MAY NEED THEM

REVIVED, THE EDITOR-DETECTIVE DASHES OFF IN SEARCH OF MULLINS

THERE HE IS - HERE'S WHERE WE SETTLE THINGS
WHAT EASY PICKINS! NEVER FIGURED I'D LINE UP AS SOFT A TOUCH AS THIS
A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY, JIM LOCATES MULLINS, DIGGING FOR THE LOOT


THOUGHT I GOT RID OF YOU IN THE SWAMPS. COME CLOSER AND I'LL SHOOT.
GO AHEAD, YOU FOOL, AND YOU'LL HAVE THE SURPRISE OF YOUR LIFE
AS THE DETECTIVE SLOWLY APPROACHES HIM, THE THUG QUICKLY PALS, WHIPPING OUT HIS REVOLVER.

IT'S EMPTY!
BAD BOYS SHOULDN'T PLAY WITH REAL BULLETS - SO I EMPTIED THE GUN BEFORE WE BROKE JAIL
CLICK
THE SURPRISED GANGSTER FINDS HIMSELF HOLDING AN EMPTY GUN

SO YA STOOL PIGEON, EH? WELL, YOU'RE THROUGH NOW BUDDY
I HAVE A PERSONAL SCORE TO SETTLE
AS PIERRE "THE GOOSE" FOLLOWS HIS PAIR, TUMBLES TO THE GROUND.

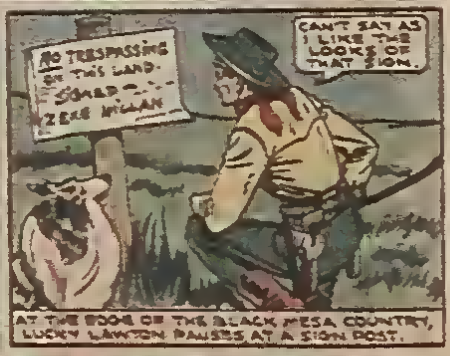
HOW'D YOU GET THE POWER OF THE LAW?

YOU SURE PUT HIM TO SLEEP, JIM
HERE'S THE MISSING BANK LOOT - LOOKS AS IF MULLINS WILL GET THE HOT SEAT
LATER, AFTER POLICE ARRIVE

THE HARDEN'S DEGAD TO HAVE MULLINS BACK, AND THE MONEY RESTORED
NED BETTER HUSTLE BACK TO THE OFFICE AND GET OUT THIS SCOOP FOR THE READERS OF DARING DETECTIVE - COME ON
JIM DOLAN SMASHES HIS WAY THROUGH ANOTHER THRILLING EPISODE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF SLAM-BANG COMICS.

LUCKY LAWTON

FAST-SHOOTING LUCKY, AND HIS CANINE PARD, PAL, RIDE IN THE MIDST OF A FUMING RANGE WAR, WHERE THE ONLY LAW IS A SIX-GUN.



AT THE EDGE OF THE BLACK MESA COUNTRY, LUCKY LAWTON PAUSES AT A SIGN POST.

AS HE SWINGS INTO HIS SADDLE, TWO SCOWLING MEN, BEHIND ON HIM.

THIS IS ZEKE WILLAN'S COUNTRY, AND IF YOU AIN'T OFF'N IT IN FIVE MINUTES —THEY'LL BURY YOU HERE

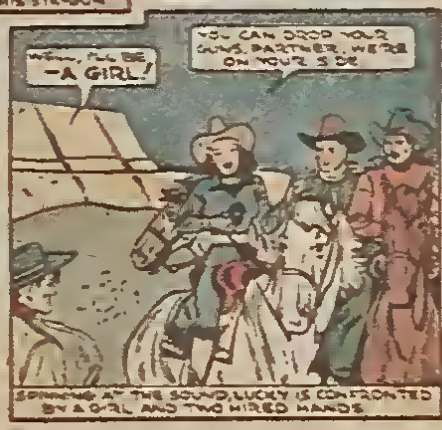
HERE'S MY ANSWER, YOU MANGY COYOTES!
DRILL 'EM, LUKE— DRILL 'EM!
WITH CHAIN-LIGHTNING SPEED LUCKY DIVES AT THE HOMBRES!

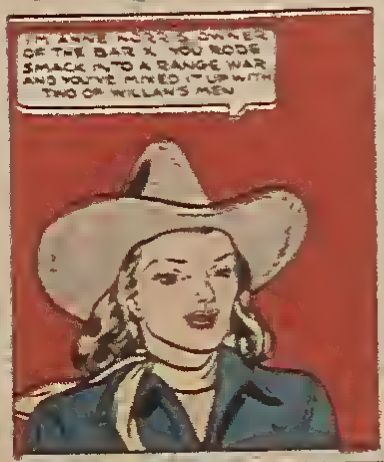
MAYBE THIS'LL TEACH YOU IT'S STILL A FREE COUNTRY

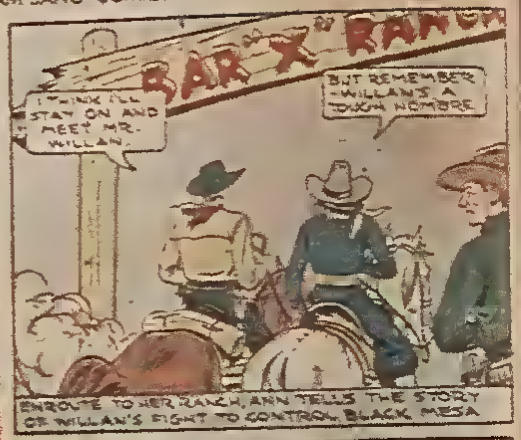
I'LL BLAST THIS SHEEP-HOUND TO THE SKY
DAL LEAPS AT THE OTHER GUNMAN AND FACES CERTAIN DEATH FROM HIS SIX-GUN

HE'S NOT A SHEEP-HOUND, MISTER, AND YOU AIN'T KILLIN' HIM!
LUCKY'S HAND BLURS TO HIS HIP, AND THE KILLER SPRAWLS WOUNDED.

THEY OUGHTA KNOW BETTER'N TO MIX WITH US
HOWDY, COWBOY!
AS THE COWBOY CONGRATULATES HIS PARTNER, HIS IN THEIR VICTORY IN THE SKIRMISH, HE HEARS A NEW THE VOICE CALLING TO HIM.


YOU CAN DROP YOUR GUNS, PARTNER, WE'RE ON YOUR SIDE
—A GIRL!
SPINNING AT THE SOUND, LUCKY IS CONFRONTED BY A GIRL AND TWO HIRED HANDS.

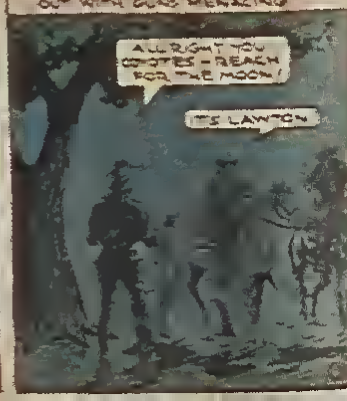

I'M ANNE MURRAY, OWNER OF THE BAR X. YOU RODE SMACK INTO A RANGE WAR AND YOU'VE MIXED UP WITH TWO OF WILLAN'S MEN


BAR "X" RANCH
I THINK I'LL STAY ON AND MEET MR. WILLAN.
BUT REMEMBER—WILLAN'S A TOUGH HOMBRE.
ENROUTE TO HER RANCH, ANN TELLS THE STORY OF WILLAN'S FIGHT TO CONTROL BLACK MESA

TONIGHT'S THE BIG RAID ON THE BAR X. SOON I'LL CONTROL THE WHOLE RANGE.
MEANWHILE, ZEKE WILLAN GATHERS WITH HIS GUNMEN

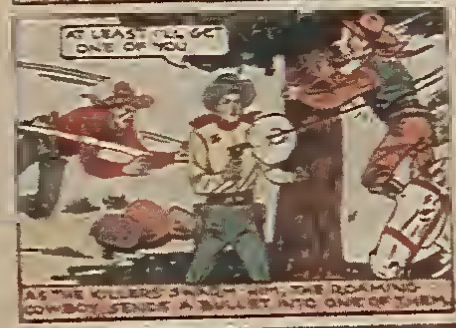
YEAH, BUT WHAT ABOUT THAT LAWTON HOMBRE?
DON'T WORRY—I'LL PERSONALLY HANDLE LUCKY LAWTON

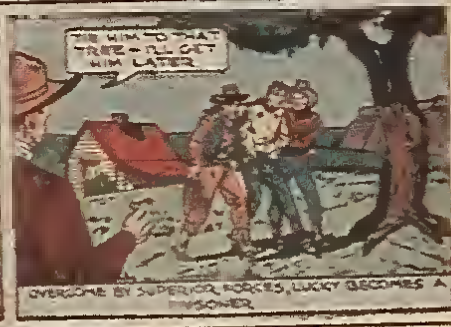
WHEN I GIVE THE SIGNAL, CIRCLE THE RANCH LIKE INJUNS AND KILL EVERY HOMBRE IN THERE
EASY, CHIEF—IT'S AS GOOD AS DONE
THAT NIGHT, ZEKE AND HIS GANG MEET JUST OUTSIDE THE BAR X RANCH HOUSE


AT THAT INSTANT, LUCKY STRIDES OUT WITH GUNS MENACING
ALL RIGHT YOU CROOKS—REACH FOR THE MOON!
IT'S LAWTON

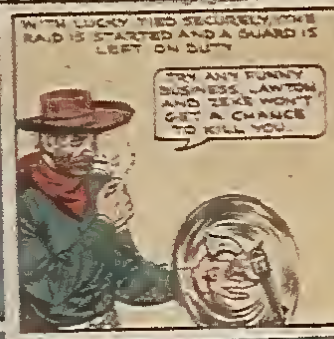
GET DOWN FROM THAT HORSE ZEKE—IT'S YOUR LAST RIDE

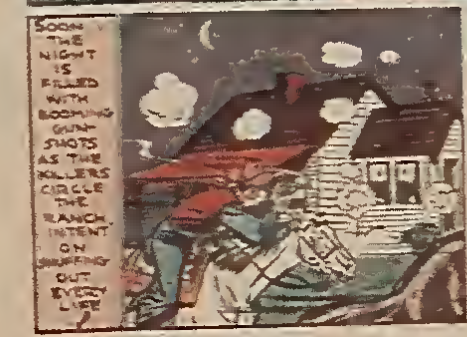
PRETENDING TO DISMOUNT, WILLIAN REINS HIS HORSE VICIOUSLY AND THE ANIMAL'S FORELEG STRIKES LUCKY
SPREAD 'EM, BOYS!
OOOF!


AT LEAST I'LL GET ONE OF YOU!
AS THE KILLERS SCATTER FROM THE ROAMING COWBOY, STEVE'S BULLET INTO ONE OF THEM


TIE HIM TO THAT TREE—I'LL GET HIM LATER
OVERCOME BY SUPERIOR FORCES, LUCKY BECOMES A PRISONER

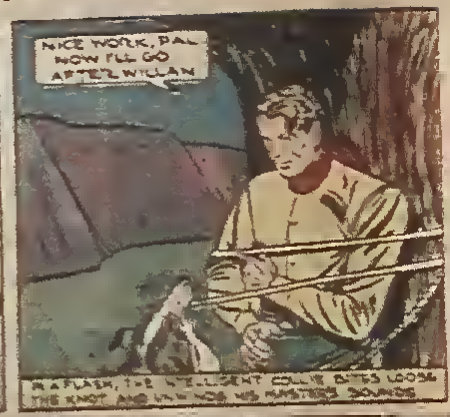
WHY DON'T YOU FINISH THE JOB?
WE'VE GOT A SPECIAL TREAT CHOSEN UP FOR YOU AFTER WE KILL THE RANCHERS, YOU'LL GET YOURS


WITH LUCKY TIED SECURELY, THE RAID IS STARTED AND A GUARD IS LEFT ON DUTY
TRY ANY FUNNY BUSINESS, LAWTON, AND ZEKE WON'T GET A CHANCE TO KILL YOU


SOON THE NIGHT IS FILLED WITH BOOMING GUN SHOTS AS THE KILLERS CIRCLE THE RANCH, INTENT ON WIPING OUT EVERY LIVE

MEANWHILE, PAL GOES TO THE AID OF HIS FRIEND

AS SOON AS THE GUARD TURNS, PAL COMES STREAKING AT HIM.

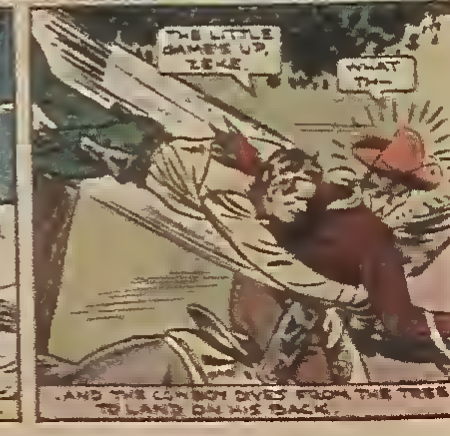


IN A FLASH, THE INTELLIGENT COLLIE GNAWS LOOSE THE KNOT AND WAKES HIS MASTER'S BONDS.

LUCKY CLAMBERS INTO A LARGE TREE.

...WHERE HE WATCHES THE CIRCLING ROBBERS

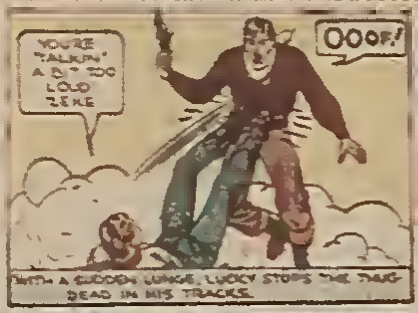
SUDDENLY, THE LEADER COMES RIDING BELOW...



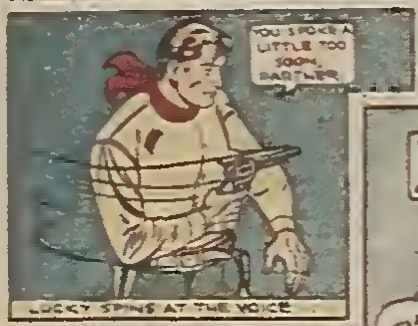
...AND THE COWBOY DIVES FROM THE TREE TO LAND ON HIS BACK.

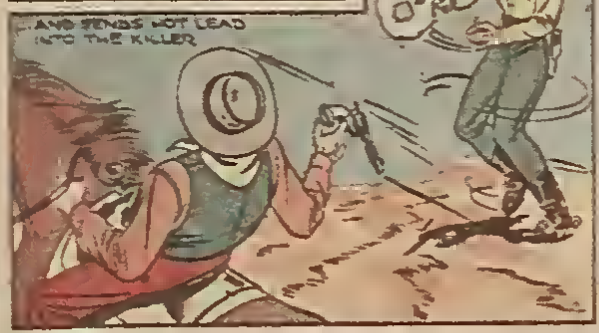
YOU WON'T BE MEDDLIN' THAT HORSE ANY LONGER.
THE ROAMING COWBOY SWINGS OVER THE GANG LEADER, AND THEY TOPPLE OVER, LUCKY'S MOMENTUM SPILLING HIM TO THE GROUND

THIS IS THE PAY-OFF FOR MEDDLIN' IN MY AFFAIRS.
WITH LUCKY DOWN, ZEKE IS READY TO GRABBA A GUN ON HIS HEAD.


YOU'RE TALKIN' A BIT TOO LOUD ZEKE
OOOF!
WITH A SUDDEN LUNGE, LUCKY STOPS THE THUG DEAD IN HIS TRACKS.

AT THAT MOMENT, ANOTHER OUTLAW SPURS FORWARD WITH GUN DRAWN.
I'LL GET 'IM, ZEKE, I'LL GET 'IM!


YOU SPOKE A LITTLE TOO SOON, BROTHER.
LUCKY SPINS AT THE VOICE

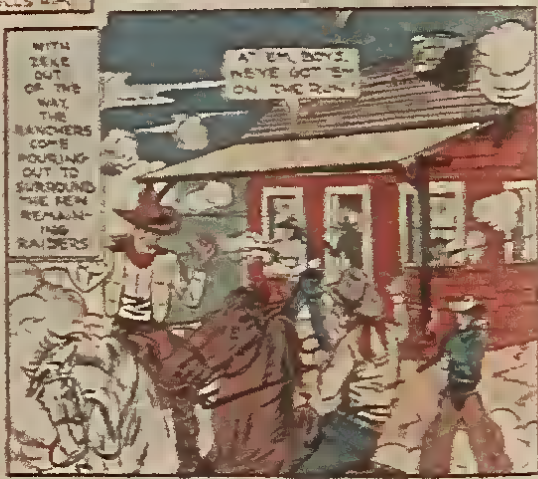

I DON'T LIKE PEOPLE SHOOTIN' AT MY BACK.
...AND SENDS HOT LEAD INTO THE KILLER

THIS FIGHT AIN'T OVER YET.
AGAIN, THE LEADER COMES DIVING BACK TO FIGHT.

RECKON THAT'LL HOLD YOU AWHILE!
BUT LUCKY, WITH A DARTING RIGHT, FELLS HIM.

NOW IT'S MY TURN TO PLAY AN ACE IN THE HOLE!
THE STUNNED OUTLAW CROUCHES WITH A GUN POISED.

I HAVEN'T GOT AN ACE - BUT A BULLET IS JUST AS GOOD
BUT LUCKY DRAWS FAST, AND THE KILLER SINKS, WOUNDED.


WITH ZEKE OUT OF THE WAY, THE RANCHERS COME POURING OUT TO SURROUND THE REMAINING RAIDERS.
AT 'EM, BOYS. WE'VE GOT 'EM ON THE RUN!

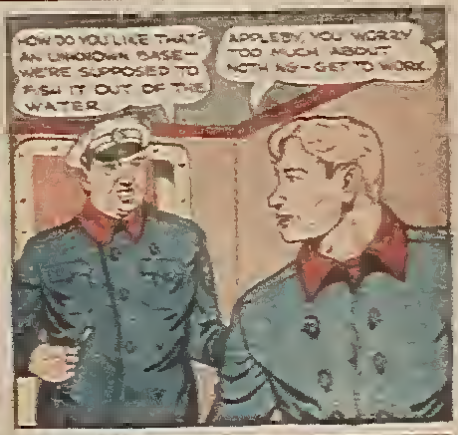
YOU'VE DONE IT, LUCKY - YOU'VE STOPPED A RANGE WAR
SHUCKS, MAM - IT WEREN'T NOTHING
LATER, THE ROAMING COWBOY REPORTS TO THE GIRL BEFORE RIDING AWAY INTO THE HILLS . . .

S'LONG, PARTNERS - SEE YOU AGAIN!
RIDE WITH LUCKY AND PAL AS THEY FIND MORE TROUBLE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF SLAM-BANG COMICS.

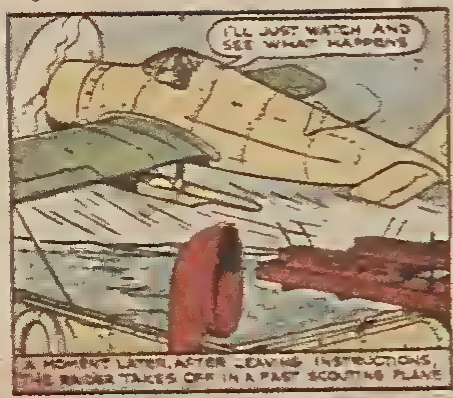
HURRICANE Hansen

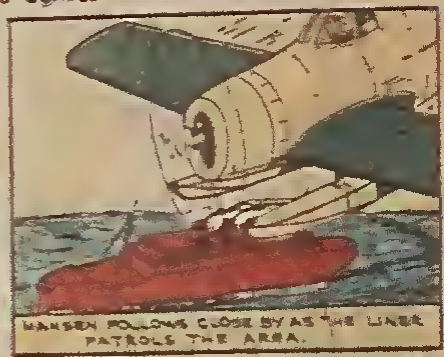
HURRICANE HANSEN, CAPTAIN OF THE SURPRISE, AN ALLIED RAIDER DISGUISED AS A TANKER, COMES FACE TO FACE WITH THE DEADLY KAZILIAN HIGH-SEAS MENACE

ABOARD THE SURPRISE HURRICANE HANSEN AND HIS MATE APPLEBY RECEIVE TELEVISION ORDERS FROM THE ALLIED ADMIRAL



AS THE VESSEL STEAMS IN SEARCH OF THE KAZILIANS, HANSEN EVOLVES A PLAN


I'LL JUST WATCH AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS
A MOMENT LATER, AFTER LEAVING INSTRUCTIONS, THE RAIDER TAKES OFF IN A FAST SCOUTING PLANE


HANSEN FOLLOWS CLOSE BY AS THE LINER PATROLS THE AREA.

I KNEW THE BAT WOULD DRAW THE FISH. A KAZILIAN SUB!
THE RAIDER'S EAGLE EYE SPOTS A PERISCOPE BREAKING THROUGH THE SURFACE OF THE WATER.

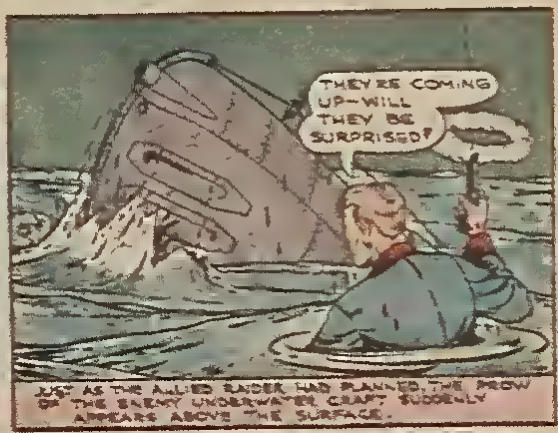
I'LL CUT OFF THE MOTOR AND LAND. I'VE GOT A GOOD IDEA—IF I DON'T GET CAUGHT.

THEY'VE GOT TO PASS HERE TO GET TO THE LINER—HERE GOES.
MOTOR DOWN, HE TAXIS HIS PLANE TOWARD THE PERISCOPE

INTO THE WATER PLUNGES THE AMAZED RAIDER.

NOT SO FAST, MY FRIENDS!

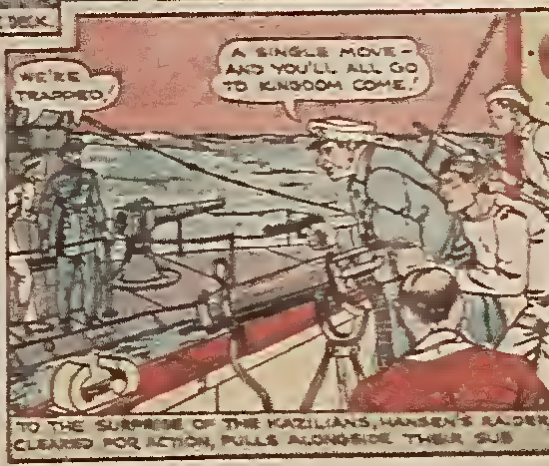
WITH A HANDKERCHIEF HE COVERS THE SHOTS.



JUST AS THE ALLIED RAIDER HAD PLANNED, THE PROW OF THE ENEMY UNDERWATER CRAFT SUDDENLY APPEARS ABOVE THE SURFACE.

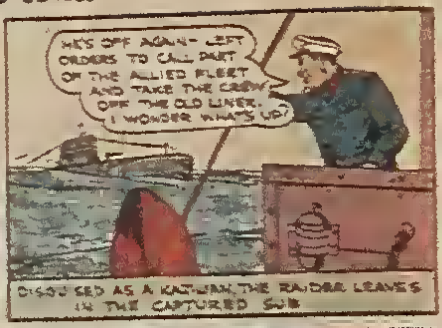
THE SURPRISED KAZILIANS CLAMBER TO THE DECK.

AN OFFICER DISCOVERS HANSEN.

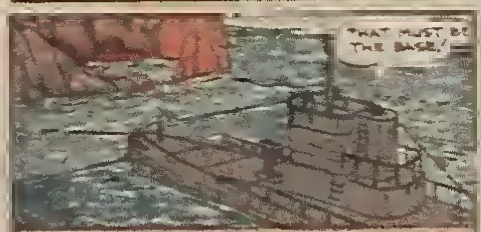


TO THE SURPRISE OF THE KAZILIANS, HANSEN'S RAIDER, CLEARED FOR ACTION, PULLS ALONGSIDE THEIR SUB

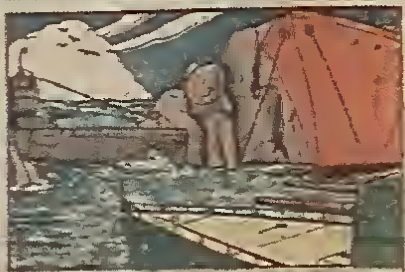
HANSEN'S MEN PACK THEIR PRISONERS ABOARD THE SUBMARINE



DISGUISED AS A KAZIUAN, THE RAIDER LEAVES IN THE CAPTURED SUB

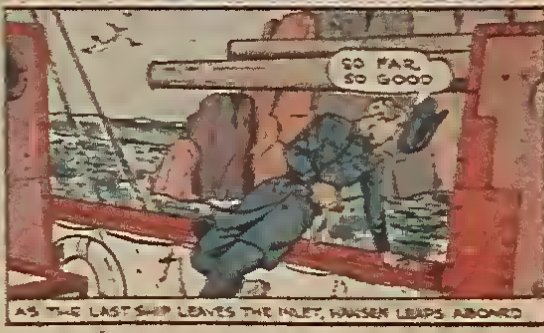


FOLLOWING THE CHARTS IN THE SUB, HANSEN ARRIVES AT KAZIUAN SUBMARINE HEADQUARTERS


PASSING THROUGH A NARROW OPENING AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE INLET, HURRICANE DUNOS MENACING ENEMY PATROL SHIPS

THE DISGUISED RAIDER STAGGERS OUT OF THE SUB

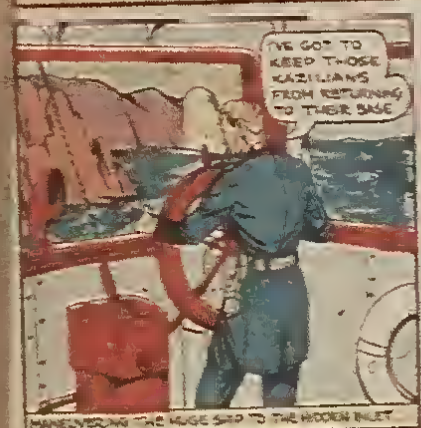
FOLLOWING HANSEN'S RUSE, THE KAZIUAN COMMANDER ORDERS AN ATTACK.



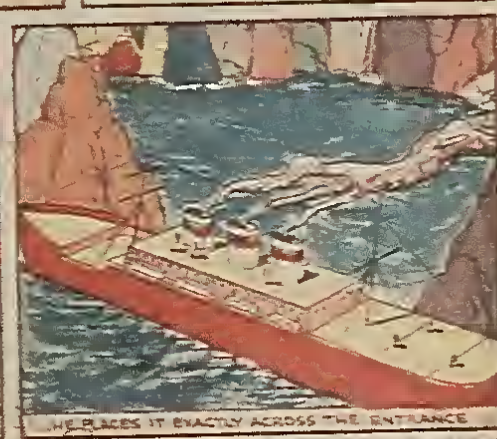
AS THE LAST SHIP LEAVES THE INLET, HANSEN LEAPS ABOARD

THE RAIDER DIVES FOR THE LUXURY LINER, WHILE THE KAZILIANS, INTENT ON FOLLOWING HIS INSTRUCTIONS, FAIL TO NOTICE.

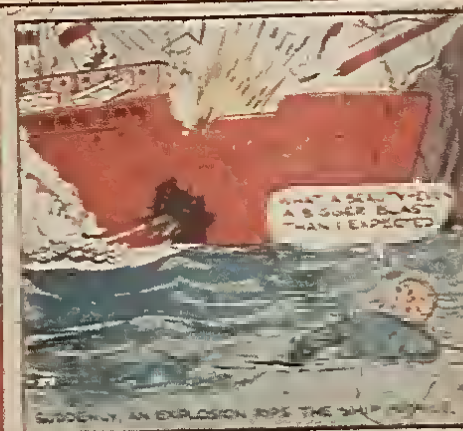
HANSEN SWIMS TO THE LINER AND CLIMBS TO THE DECK.



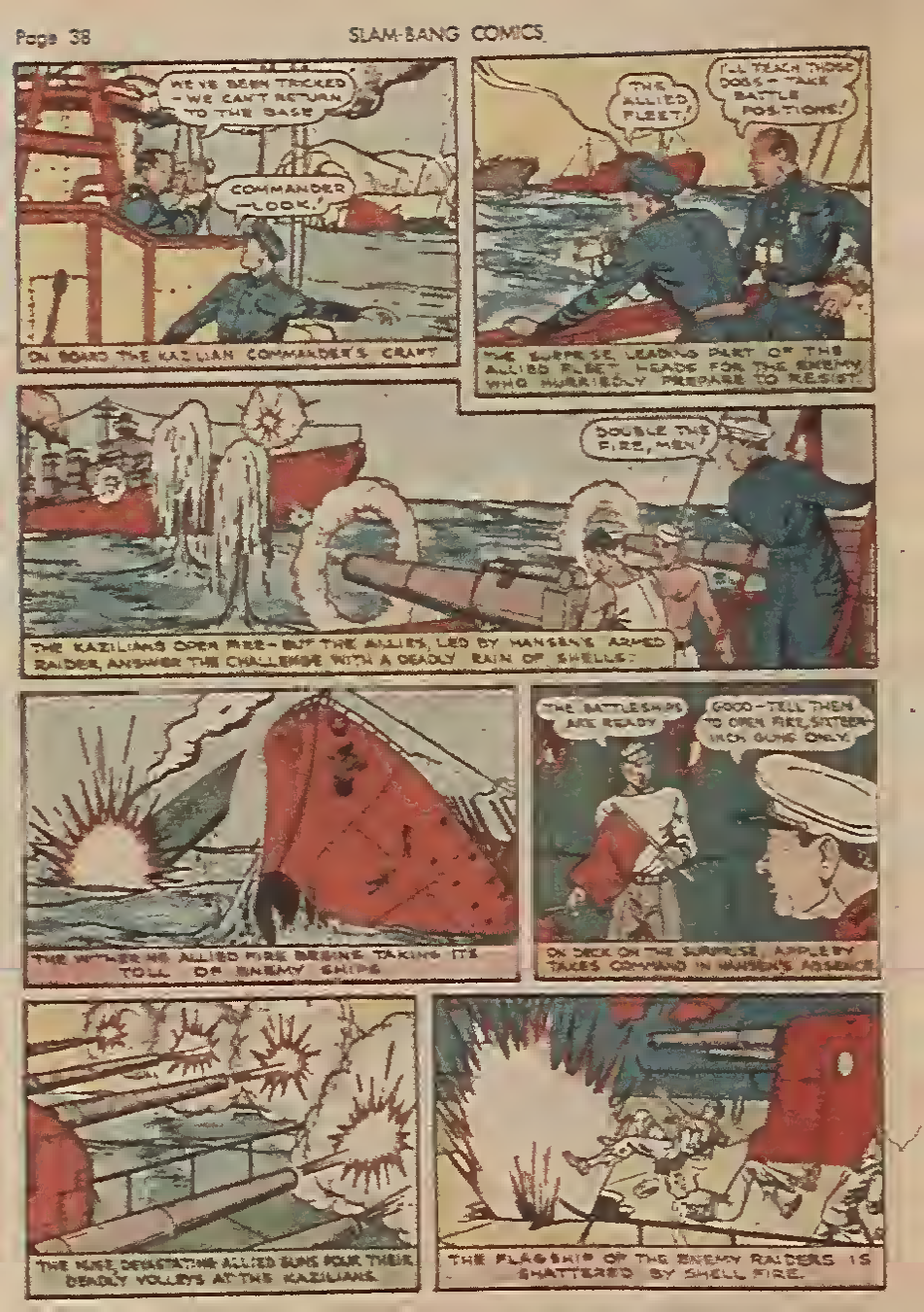
MANEUVERING THE HUGE SHIP TO THE HIDDEN INLET.



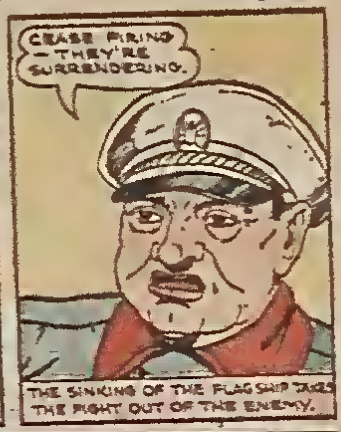
HE PLACES IT EXACTLY ACROSS THE ENTRANCE.



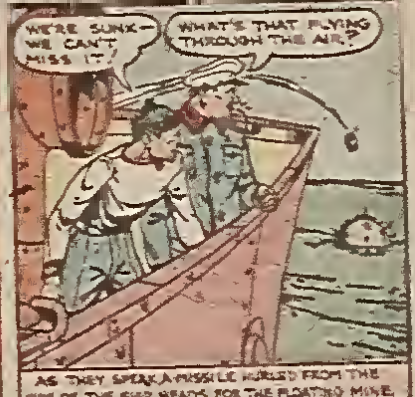
SUDDENLY, AN EXPLOSION RIPS THE SHIP [illegible]


WE'VE BEEN TRICKED - WE CAN'T RETURN TO THE BASE
COMMANDER - LOOK!
ON BOARD THE KAZILIAN COMMANDER'S CRAFT
THE ALLIED FLEET!
I'LL TEACH THOSE DOGS - TAKE BATTLE POSITIONS!
THE SURPRISE, LEADING PART OF THE ALLIED FLEET, LEADS FOR THE ENEMY WHO HURRIEDLY PREPARE TO RESIST
DOUBLE THE FIRE, MEN!
THE KAZILIANS OPEN FIRE - BUT THE ALLIES, LED BY HANSEN'S ARMED RAIDER, ANSWER THE CHALLENGE WITH A DEADLY RAIN OF SHELLS!
THE WITHER HE ALLIED FIRE BEGINS TAKING ITS TOLL OF ENEMY SHIPS
THE BATTLESHIPS ARE READY
GOOD - TELL THEM TO OPEN FIRE, SIXTEEN-INCH GUNS ONLY.
ON DECK ON THE SURPRISE, APPLEBY TAKES COMMAND IN HANSEN'S ABSENCE
THE NEW, DEVASTATING ALLIED GUNS POUR THEIR DEADLY VOLLEYS AT THE KAZILIANS.
THE FLAGSHIP OF THE ENEMY RAIDERS IS SHATTERED BY SHELL FIRE.

QUICK-CUT THE MAGNETIC MINE LOOSE IN THE DIRECTION OF HANSEN'S RAIDER.
AS THE SHIP SLOWLY DISAPPEARS BENEATH THE WATER, THE KAZILIAN COMMANDER ATTEMPTS A LAST STAND.


CEASE FIRING — THEY'RE SURRENDERING.
THE SINKING OF THE FLAG SHIP TAKES THE FIGHT OUT OF THE ENEMY.

THAT'S THE END OF THEM, BUT WHERE'S HANSEN? MAYBE HE WENT DOWN WITH THE LINER.
APPLEBY—LOOK! WE'RE HEADING FOR A MINE!
AS THE ALLIED FLEET STEAMS OFF WITH HIS PRISONERS, THE SURPRISE SAILS IN THE DIRECTION OF THE DEADLY CHARGE.


WE'RE SUNK—WE CAN'T MISS IT!
WHAT'S THAT FLYING THROUGH THE AIR?
AS THEY SPEAK A MISSILE HURLED FROM THE SIDE OF THE SHIP HEADS FOR THE FLOATING MINE.

YOU SAVED OUR SHIP THAT TIME, HURRICANE! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
FINE AND DANDY, APPLEBY—JUST DRIFTING ALONG IN THE BREEZE.
AFTER SWIMMING TO A FLOATING PIECE OF KAZILIAN WRECKAGE, HANSEN DRIFTS NEAR THE SURPRISE. SAVED AFTER HIS GRENADE HARMLESSLY EXPLODES THE MINE, HIS SHIPMATES HAUL HIM ABOARD

WHAT WERE YOU SITTING DOWN THERE FOR?
EVERY TIME I STAND ON DECK AND GIVE ORDERS I MISS ALL THE FUN. THIS TIME I MADE UP MY MIND TO SEE THE SHOW—AND I CERTAINLY DID
DON'T FAIL TO READ ANOTHER SMASHING HURRICANE HANSEN ADVENTURE IN THE OCTOBER SLAM-BANG COMICS.

THE Foreman's REVENGE

JIM ROCKWELL, furnace man of number 6 open hearth furnace, in the Illinois Steel Company's main plant, found a moment to relax. He leaned against one of the giant steel girders that supported the acres of roof far overhead. The icy blasts of a winter night whistled across Lake Michigan and through the open doors at the extreme rear of the building. Before him the long row of open-hearth furnaces threw forth a tremendous heat.

He lit a cigarette. In the semi-darkness of the big open hearth building, the match glow revealed a rather handsome, though ruggedly masculine, face atop six feet two, of broad-shouldered manhood. His blue eyes sparkled with a good nature that his square-set chin belied.

"Funny," he soliloquized as he lazily blew cigarette smoke into the air, "in these steel mills, a man can roast and freeze at the same time."

His dreamy expression changed to one of alert anger. Two of his furnace laborers had just sidestepped disaster in the form of a traveling floor crane. Jim walked over to Stanislaus Wojinsky.

"Stan," Jim said in a quiet, even tone, "two of my men almost got hit just now. Why don't you call 'em away sooner, when you see the crane coming. You know—"

"I'm labor foreman here," blusteringly interrupted the other, his black eyes spitting fires of hatred. "I'm responsible for the laborers."

"Sure you are," replied Jim even more quietly. "But I'm responsible for the men on my furnace, and I don't want any of them to get hurt."

The labor boss mistook Jim's quiet tone for lack of aggressiveness, a characteristic he was quick to take advantage of. He had, in fact, raised himself to labor foreman by taking advantage of every weakness in the other fellow. Like many of his kind, he was a bully at heart. He swaggered, his short but very broad, ape-like figure closer to Jim, belligerently stuck out his chin, and yelled:

"You mind your own business! I'll call the men out from under the crane when I please! You take care of your furnace, and don't stick your long nose into my affairs, you—" He ripped out an oath much too personal to suit Jim.

The furnace man jumped back a step and, with the speed of chain lightning, his big fist crashed flush against the jaw of the labor boss. Stan, raised off his feet by the power of the blow, fell back into a little pile of silica sand. He rolled down the slight incline and banged into the base of a pillar.

Slowly, Jim walked back to his furnace. A few laborers helped the sprawling labor foreman to his feet.

"I'll get him for this!" the beaten one growled under his breath as he slunk away.

JIM WENT to his locker for his dinner pail a half hour earlier than usual that night, for he had brought a raw steak which one of his helpers would broil for him. As he walked down the long lane of lockers he noticed a short figure at the far end busily engaged in trying to open a locker. When he drew closer he saw it was Stan, the labor foreman. Jim slipped between two locker units and watched. After a great deal of fumbling around with keys, Stan managed to get the door open. Jim counted the lockers. The one that had just been opened was the fourth from the other end — Jim's locker. The furnace man crept up stealthily. He surprised the foreigner in the act of pouring a white powder over some potato salad that Jim's mother had added to the lunch.

"Giving me a little extra salt?" quietly asked Jim.

The labor foreman gave a

cry of surprise and dropped the dinner pail. He whipped out a long, home-made dirk. With a wolf-like snarl he sprang at Jim. The tall, young man caught the descending knife arm in a vise-like grip, at the same instant bringing his knee up into the other's mid-section. Grunting like a pig and retching and gasping for breath, the foreman fell to the floor.

"What's going on here?" demanded the company policeman, who rushed up at that moment.

"This skunk was putting poison on my lunch," explained Jim.

The policeman put all the spilled lunch back in the dinner pail, placed the dirk in his pocket, jerked the still-retching man to his feet and, with the dinner pail under his arm, pulled the sick labor foreman away to the company police station. Jim went back to his furnace minus a mighty good lunch.

About an hour later the night shift office boy came up to Jim.

"The company police station wants you to call right away!" he reported.

Jim went into the "Super's" outer office and called up the law-enforcement branch of the plant.

"Just got the report from the lab," came the voice over the wire. "That stuff Wojinsky put in your lunch was strychnine. We were holding him until the Chicago police arrived to take him to jail when he slipped out and disappeared. We've checked at all the gates, but he hasn't left from any of them. So he must be loose in the plant somewhere. We are sending down a detail right away, but be careful until it arrives."

Jim hung up, and turned to find his helper standing beside him.

"The melter says to tap your furnace right away!" the helper excitedly said. "He's holding back on number 15 to follow our tap."

"O. K.," Jim crisply ordered. "Get the tap rods ready!" As the two of them ran back to furnace number 6, the ominous warning of the company police was completely driven from the furnace man's mind. They were ready to tap, and that is always an exciting moment to a steel man. No matter how long a man has been in the business, he always gets a kick out of tapping a heat of steel.

THE GIANT OVERHEAD CRANE set an empty ladle in the pit under furnace number 6. It looked like a colossal steel-jacketed coffee cup with two knobs on the side instead of a handle. It was a good ten feet high, with the diameter at the top about four feet.

On a little smooth-worn steel platform, about five feet above the rim of the ladle and a little to the left of it, stood Jim. He was poking a long, heavy steel rod into the tap hole of the furnace. He drew the rod out about four feet, then with a mighty forward lurch, drove the fire-clay plug farther into the furnace. At last he drove the plug all the way through the tap-hole and into the bubbling steel boiling within. He quickly jerked out the tap rod. A thick stream of white-hot steel followed then, running along a spout, cascaded into the ladle below. Millions of iron-pyrite stars filled the air.

When the ladle was about half-full, Jim threw a shovelful of ferro-manganese into the bubbling mass to increase the hardness of the steel. Jim turned to get another shovelful. Out of the corner of his eye he saw someone coming toward him.

"Scan!" he breathed as the burly figure of the labor foreman bore down on him. Instinctively Jim whirled out of the way.

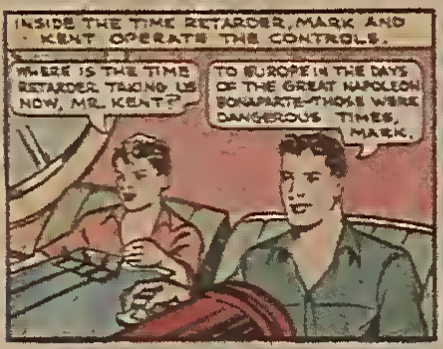
Meeting only air instead of Jim's solid frame, Scan's powerful form crashed madly ahead. Suddenly the foreman's heavy shoes slipped on the steel platform, worn smooth by the tread of many feet. Before full realization of the situation had stamped an imprint on Jim's alert senses, enabling him to prevent the occurrence, Scan slid over the edge of the platform and plunged toward the white-hot ladle below.

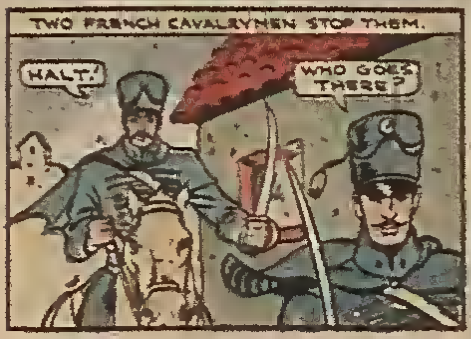
As Stanislaus Wojinsky disappeared into the undulating, bubbling, boiling steel below, his unearthly scream reverberated up and down the acres of roof overhead. The slight hiss that followed was drowned out by the clatter of the traveling cranes up and down the plant.

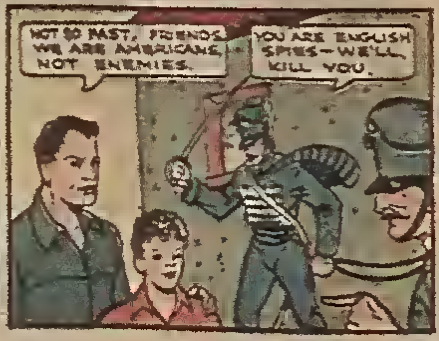
THE END

MARK SWIFT And The TIME RETARDER

IN THE TIME RETARDER, THEIR MARVELOUS HISTORY-SPANNING MACHINE, YOUNG MARK SWIFT AND HIS TEACHER, RODNEY KENT, WHIRL THROUGH THE CENTURIES AND RELIVE THE ADVENTURES OF ACTUAL HISTORY.



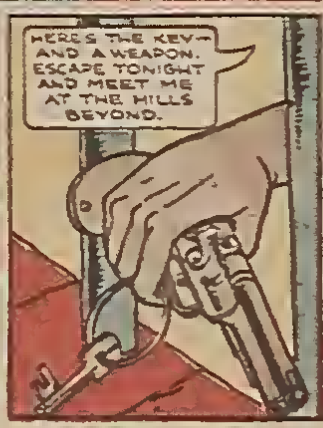




FROM HEARTY BOOMS THE VOICE OF AN IMPRESSIVE FIGURE—NONE OTHER THAN THE GREAT NAPOLEON!

THE MIGHTY WAR LORD GIVES THE MATTER HIS PERSONAL ATTENTION.

SUSPICIOUS OF THE TIME RETARDER, THE EMPEROR ARRESTS THE ADVENTURERS.



NIGHT FALLS. THE MOMENT THE GUARD DOZES, A KEY TURNS SILENTLY IN THE LOCK OF THE CELL DOOR.
Z-Z-Z!
SH-H-H! COME ON, MARK—NOW'S OUR CHANCE!

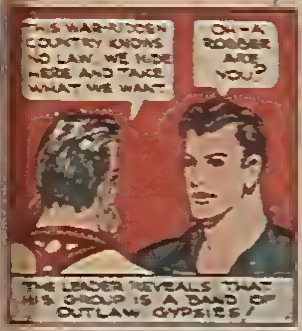
MAKE FOR THE OPEN, MARK!
WE'RE FREE!
ACTING SWIFTLY, THE TIME-ADVENTURERS MAKE GOOD THEIR ESCAPE

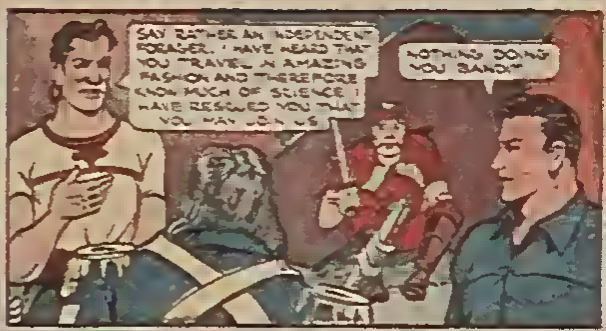
THE NEWS REACHES NAPOLEON
SIRE, THE CAPTIVE STRANGERS HAVE ESCAPED!
THEY MUST BE WIZARDS. SUMMON A TROOP OF CAVALRY—I WILL RIDE TO CAPTURE THEM!

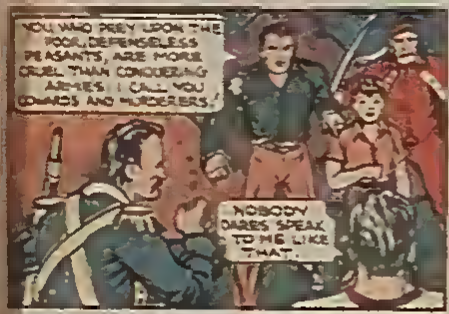
The GREAT EMPEROR OF FRANCE RIDES AT THE HEAD OF THE SEARCH PATROL
READY FOR ACTION. WE WILL OVERTAKE THESE PRISON-BREAKERS!

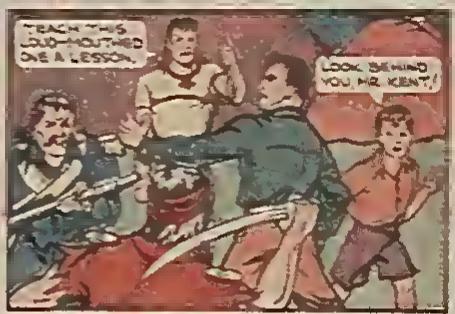
HERE THEY COME—THEY'RE AFTER US ALREADY
FOLLOW ME TO MY COMPANY'S HIDING PLACE.
MEANWHILE, THE TIME-TRAVELERS FOLLOW THEIR NEWFOUND FRIEND.

HERE THEY ARE, CAPTAIN—THE STRANGERS
GREETINGS, ALLIES

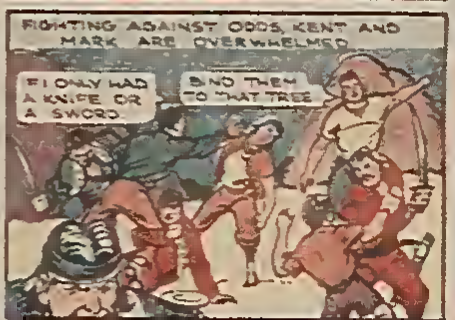

THIS WAR-RIDDEN COUNTRY KNOWS NO LAW. WE HIDE HERE AND TAKE WHAT WE WANT
OH—A ROBBER ARE YOU?
THE LEADER REVEALS THAT HIS GROUP IS A BAND OF OUTLAW GYPSIES!


SAY RATHER AN INDEPENDENT FORAGER. I HAVE HEARD THAT YOU TRAVEL IN AMAZING FASHION AND THEREFORE KNOW MUCH OF SCIENCE. I HAVE RESCUED YOU THAT YOU MAY JOIN US
NOTHING DOING YOU BANDIT

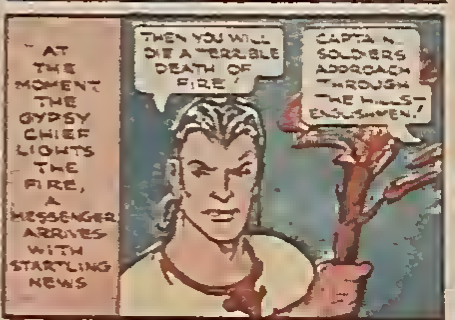

YOU WHO PREY UPON THE POOR, DEFENSELESS PEASANTS, ARE MORE CRUEL THAN CONQUERING ARMIES. I CALL YOU COWARDS AND MURDERERS!
NOBODY DARES SPEAK TO ME LIKE THAT.

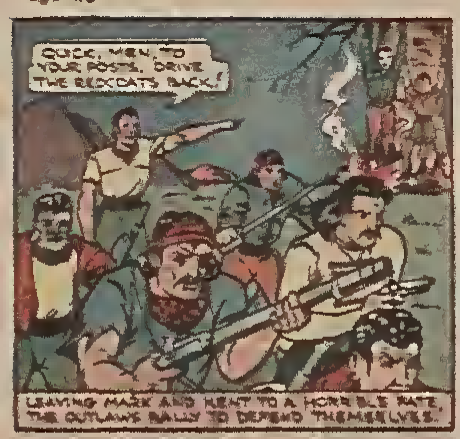

TEACH THIS LOUD-MOUTHED ONE A LESSON.
LOOK BEHIND YOU, MR. KENT!

TRY TO HIT ME FROM BEHIND, EH?


FIGHTING AGAINST ODDS, KENT AND MARK ARE OVERWHELMED.
IF I ONLY HAD A KNIFE OR A SWORD.
BIND THEM TO THAT TREE.

ONCE MORE—I CAN USE YOUR SCIENCE IN MY AFFAIRS. WILL YOU JOIN?
NEVER, IN A MILLION YEARS

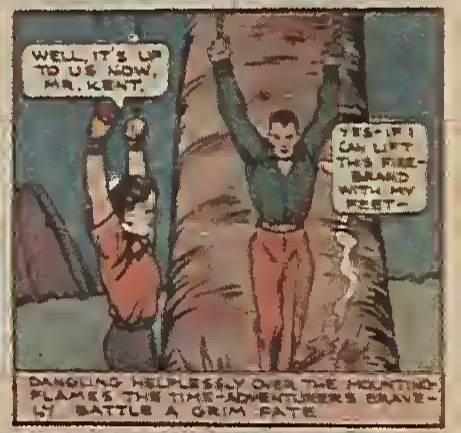

AT THE MOMENT THE GYPSY CHIEF LIGHTS THE FIRE, A MESSENGER ARRIVES WITH STARTLING NEWS
THEN YOU WILL DIE A TERRIBLE DEATH OF FIRE!
CAPTAIN SOLDIERS APPROACH THROUGH THE HILLS! ENGLISHMEN!



LEAVING MARK AND KENT TO A HORRIBLE FATE, THE OUTLAWS RALLY TO DEFEND THEMSELVES.

THE ENGLISH INFANTRY, SENT TO CRUSH THE ROBBERS, QUICKLY RETURNS THE VOLLEY.

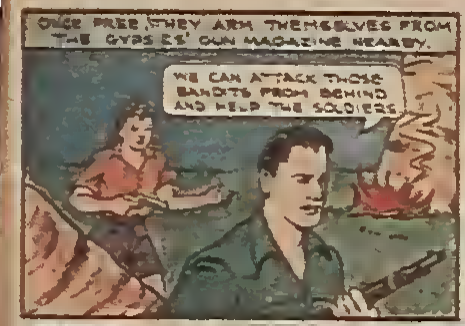
HEARING ECHOES OF THE FIGHTING, THE EMPEROR ABANDONS PURSUIT OF MARK AND KENT TO DIRECT AN ATTACK ON THE BANDITS.

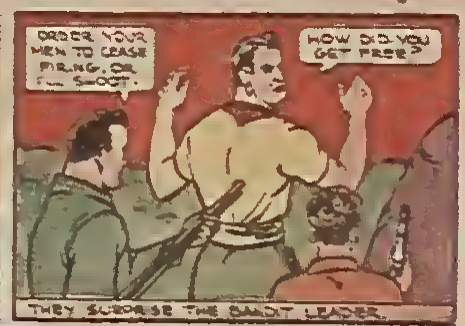


DANGLING HELPLESSLY OVER THE MOUNTING FLAMES THE TIME-ADVENTURERS BRAVELY BATTLE A GRIM FATE.

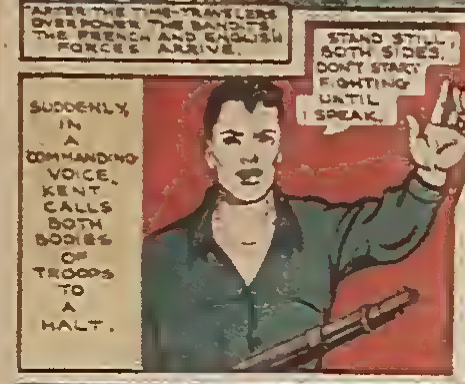
KENT TURNS THE TORCH, GRASPED FIRMLY BETWEEN HIS LEGS, ON HIS BONDS.

THE TRICK WORKS.


ONCE FREE, THEY ARM THEMSELVES FROM THE GYPSIES' GUN MAGAZINE NEARBY.
WE CAN ATTACK THOSE BANDITS FROM BEHIND AND HELP THE SOLDIERS.

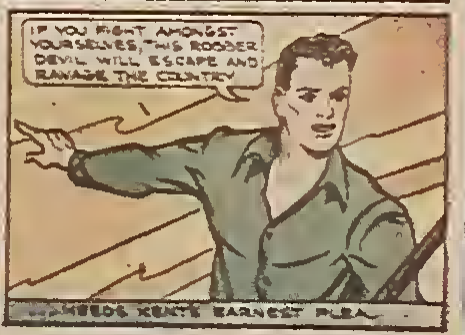

ORDER YOUR MEN TO CEASE FIRING, OR I'LL SHOOT!
HOW DID YOU GET FREE?
THEY SURPRISE THE BANDIT LEADER.

LOOK, MR. KENT—NAPOLEON!
YES, AND HERE COME THE BRITISH.
AFTER THE TIRELESS OVERPOWER THE BANDITS, THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH FORCES ARRIVE.


SUDDENLY, IN A COMMANDING VOICE, KENT CALLS BOTH BODIES OF TROOPS TO A HALT.
STAND STILL, BOTH SIDES! DON'T START FIGHTING UNTIL I SPEAK.

I'M NOT AFRAID OF ALL THE ENGLISHMEN IN THE WORLD.
THAT IS VERY TRUE, YOUR MAJESTY—BUT GIVE ME A CHANCE TO EXPLAIN.
FIRST THE FRENCH EMPEROR...

LET NAPOLEON AND HIS MEN COME ON. WE'LL FIGHT THEM!
NO—NOT YET. DON'T YOU SEE WHAT A GREAT CHANCE THIS IS?
...THEN THE BRITISH GENERAL...


IF YOU FIGHT AMONGST YOURSELVES, THIS ROBBER DEVIL WILL ESCAPE AND RAVAGE THE COUNTRY.
...HEEDS KENT'S EARNEST PLEA.

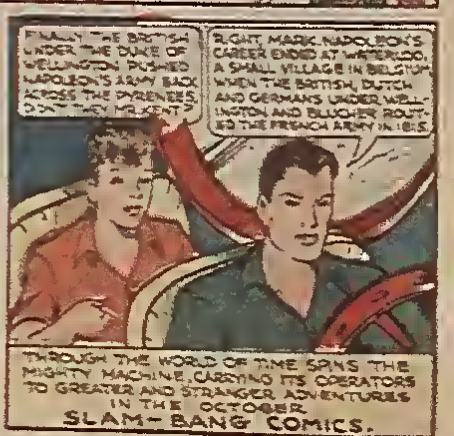
IT IS TRUE THAT THESE BANDITS ARE A THORN IN OUR SIDE.
YES. AND YOU?
THEY TROUBLE US, TOO

THEN DECLARE A TRUCE. REMOVE THESE BAL-DOORS FROM THEIR FORTRESS AND GIVE THE COUNTRY SOME RELIEF

I'M WILLING TO DECLARE A BRIEF TRUCE FOR THAT PURPOSE.
I WILL ABIDE BY THE TRUCE ALSO, NAPOLEON

TEMPORARILY UNITED THE ARMIES QUICKLY ROUND UP THE BANDITS

KENT AND MARK PREPARE TO LEAVE IN THEIR TIME RETARDER.
YOU ARE GOOD DIPLOMATS, MY FRIENDS. STAY WITH ME AND YOUR CAREERS WILL BE MIGHTY
IF IT WERE POSSIBLE TO BRING PEACE, WE WOULD ACCEPT, YOUR HIGHNESS. BUT NO ONE CAN CHANGE THE COURSE OF HISTORY.


FINALLY THE BRITISH UNDER THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON PUSHED NAPOLEON'S ARMY BACK ACROSS THE PYRENEES. DON'T THEY MR. KENT?
RIGHT, MARK. NAPOLEON'S CAREER ENDED AT WATERLOO, A SMALL VILLAGE IN BELGIUM WHEN THE BRITISH, DUTCH AND GERMANS UNDER WELLINGTON AND BLUCHER ROUTED THE FRENCH ARMY IN 1815.
THROUGH THE WORLD OF TIME SPINS THE MIGHTY MACHINE, CARRYING ITS OPERATORS TO GREATER AND STRANGER ADVENTURES IN THE OCTOBER SLAM-BANG COMICS.

Puzzlettes

—TURN PAGE UPSIDE DOWN FOR ANSWERS—

1 NUTTLE SQUARE

	1	2	3	4	5
1					
2					
3					
4					
5					

THE SQUARE READS THE SAME DOWN AS ACROSS.

1-FLOWER. 3-STORIES.
2-CLIMB. 4-APPOINT.
5-PAUSES.

2 STONE AGE TALK?

IF YOU RE-ADJUST THE SPACES BETWEEN THE LETTERS, THE WORDS ON THE ROCK BELOW BECOME VERY GOOD ENGLISH!

ORE STABIT FORTIS ARARE PLACET ORE ST...

3 MR. OWL—

WISE OLD FELLOW—

Says—

"A SHORT VOCAL UTTERANCE DIRECTED TOWARDS THE INDIVIDUAL POSSESSING A HIGH DEGREE OF KNOWLEDGE, ADEQUATELY MEETS ALL THE NEEDS OF THE OCCASION."

WHAT DID MR. OWL MEAN?

4 ARE YOU SMARTER THAN WILBUR?

FILL IN EACH BLANK LINE WITH AN ADJECTIVE COMMONLY USED TO DESCRIBE THESE COUNTRIES.

_____ ENGLAND
_____ SCOTLAND
_____ ITALY
_____ MEXICO
_____ AFRICA

5 TEXAS JAKE—

ROVING COWBOY—

ROAMS THE STATES LISTED BELOW—

SAXTE
THAU
AROOLDOC
ROZANIA
GWOMINY

WHAT ARE THEY?

ANSWERS

1- ASTER-SORE-TALES-ELECT-RESTS.
2-O REST A BIT FOR 'TIS A RARE PLACE TO REST!
3-A WORD TO THE WISE IS SUFFICIENT!
4- MERRY-BOWNE-SUNNY-OLD-DARKEST
5- TEXAS, UTAH, COLORADO, ARIZONA, WYOMING

WAR BIRD

CAPTAIN SHARP, ALLIED WAR ACE, KNOWN AS THE WAR BIRD, MEETS THE SERMIAN BARON BRUNT, HIS ARCH-ENEMY, IN A FIGHT TO THE DEATH.

BARON BRUNT

AS LONG AS THE BARON LIVES - THE ALLIES WILL SUFFER HEAVY LOSSES. I'VE GOT TO PUT AN END TO HIM, MAJOR.

YOU'RE RIGHT, CAPTAIN SHARP. YOU HAVE MY PERMISSION TO TRACK HIM DOWN.

AN ALLIED OFFICER GRANTS THE WAR BIRD'S REQUEST.

IN A LITTLE WHILE I'LL BE OVER THE SERMIAN LINES. SAY - WHAT'S THIS?

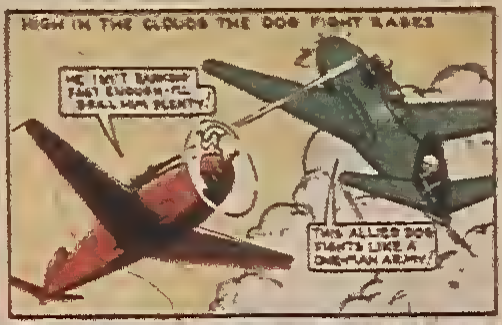
A SERMIAN PLANE - I WONDER IF IT'S THE BARON'S.

MEN IN THE CLOUDS HE SPOTS AN ENEMY PLANE.

A SERMIAN RAIDER - AND LOOKING FOR A FIGHT. HE'LL GET IT!

FROM THE INSIGNIA, THE WAR BIRD BELIEVES THE CRAFT A MEMBER OF THE ENEMY GROUND FORCE [illegible] AT ONE AWAY.

AS THE SPIRALING KAMPFFLUGZEUG MEANS CAPT. SHARP TRANS AND SON EXHAUSTED

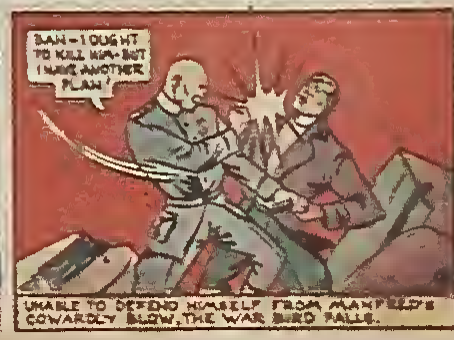


BARRIERLY, THE WAR BIRD NICKS THE FUSELAGE OF HIS OPPONENT'S CRAFT

THE STRATEGY GROUNDS THE GERMAN FLYER, MEAN WHILE, THE WAR BIRD AWAITS HIS FORCED LANDING.

LANDING, THE WAR BIRD EXCHANGES INTRODUCTIONS WITH THE GERMAN, MIRACULOUSLY UNHURT FOLLOWING HIS CRASH.

BLOWING INTO HIS SNUFF BOX, MANFRED MOMENTARILY BLINDS THE WAR BIRD.



UNABLE TO DEFEND HIMSELF FROM MANFRED'S COWARDLY BLOW, THE WAR BIRD FALLS.

WRECKED MY PLANE, I'LL DELIVER HIM TO THE BARON IN THIS ONE.
THE GERMAN TOSSES THE UNCONSCIOUS PILOT INTO THE WAR BIRD'S PLANE.

AS HIS PLANE WITH HANDS ON CONTROLS, STRAIGHTENS UPWARD, THE SUDDEN RUSH OF AIR REVIVES CAPTAIN SHARP.
WHA— WHAT HIT ME? NOW TO SEE ABOUT GETTING OUT OF HERE.

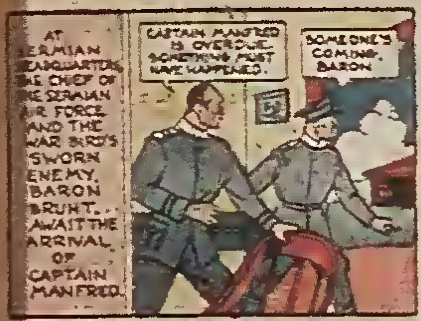
NOW TO TAKE CARE OF MANFRED
FEIGNING UNCONSCIOUSNESS, THE ALLIED PILOT SLIPS OVER HIS SHOULDERS THE STRAPS OF A PARACHUTE UNDER HIM IN THE SEAT OF THE COCKPIT

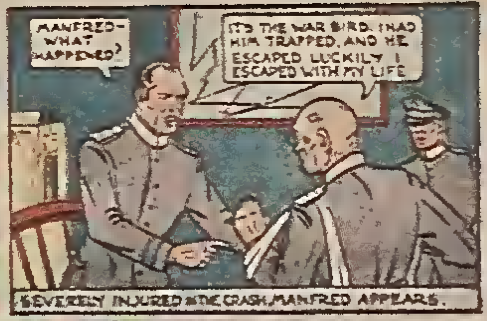
DOG - I'LL SHOW YOU
NOT THIS TIME - YOU'LL NEED A BETTER GAG THAN SNUFF.
SENSING SOMETHING AMISS, THE GERMAN OFFICER TURNS ON SHARP WITH A GUN

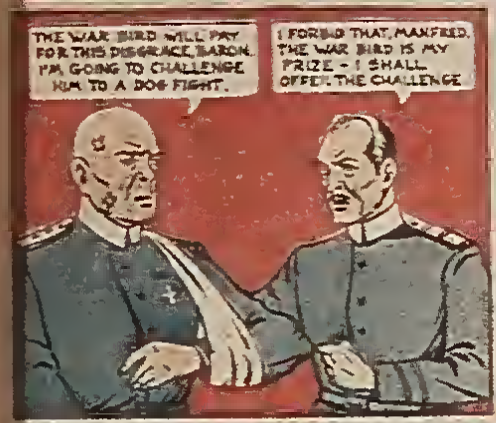
I'LL BET HE FELT THAT ONE. WOW, WHAT'S THAT NOISE?
AS SHARP DEFLECTS HIS ADVERSARY'S PISTOL, [illegible] SHATTERS THE PROPELLER.

THE WAR BIRD QUICKLY BAILS OUT FROM THE PLANE.
BEST THING I COULD DO WAS TO GET OUT OF THERE
LANDING, THE WAR BIRD WATCHES HIS OWN PLANE WITH THE STUNNED MANFRED IN THE COCKPIT CRASH [illegible]

IT'S GOING TO CRASH - LOOKS LIKE THE END OF MANFRED


AT GERMAN HEADQUARTERS, THE CHIEF OF THE GERMAN AIR FORCE AND THE WAR BIRD'S SWORN ENEMY, BARON BRUHT... AWAIT THE ARRIVAL OF CAPTAIN MANFRED.
CAPTAIN MANFRED IS OVERDUE. SOMETHING MUST HAVE HAPPENED.
SOMEONE'S COMING, BARON.


MANFRED - WHAT HAPPENED?
IT'S THE WAR BIRD. I HAD HIM TRAPPED, AND HE ESCAPED LUCKILY I ESCAPED WITH MY LIFE
SEVERELY INJURED IN THE CRASH, MANFRED APPEARS.

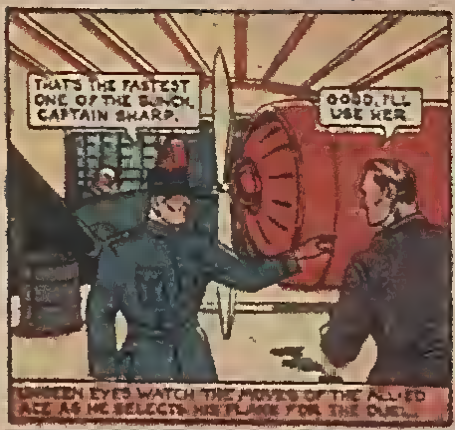

THE WAR BIRD WILL PAY FOR THIS DISGRACE, BARON. I'M GOING TO CHALLENGE HIM TO A DOG FIGHT.
I FORBID THAT, MANFRED. THE WAR BIRD IS MY PRIZE - I SHALL OFFER THE CHALLENGE

MANFRED, THE COUSIN OF THE BARON, AND NOTED FOR HIS DARING. I'M GLAD I GOT RID OF HIM.
GOOD WORK, SHARP. SAY - WHAT'S THAT NOISE? A PLANE!
MEANWHILE, THE WAR BIRD ARRIVES BACK AT THE ALLIED HEADQUARTERS

A GERMAN!
IT'S THE BARON'S SHIP - I WONDER WHAT HE'S UP TO?
AS THEY RUSH OUT, THE PLANE MAKES A STEEP DIVE FOR THE FIELD.

HE'S DROPPING A MESSAGE.
ZOOMING STRAIGHT OVERHEAD, THE PILOT RELEASES A CONTAINER.

IT'S A FORMAL CHALLENGE TO A DOG FIGHT.
I ACCEPT - GLADLY
THE MESSAGE DELIVERED, THE GERMAN PILOT

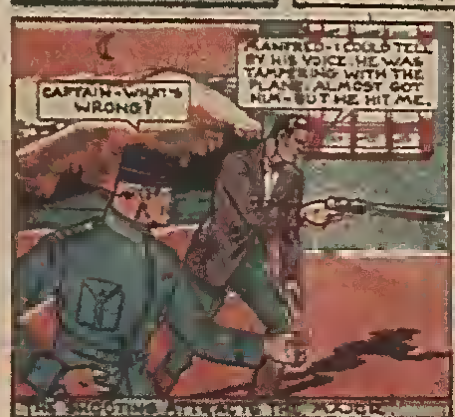

THAT'S THE FASTEST ONE OF THE BUNCH, CAPTAIN SHARP.
GOOD. I'LL USE HER.
UNSEEN EYES WATCH THE MOVES OF THE ALLIED ACE, AS HE SELECTS HIS PLANE FOR THE DUEL...

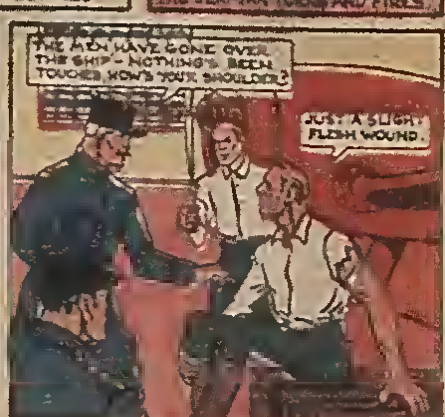
WHEN THE OTHERS HAVE LEFT...
WHEN THE CHEMICAL IS HEATED THE MOTOR WILL STALL - MANFRED WILL HAVE REVENGE.

A LIGHT IN THE HANGAR. I BETTER LOOK INTO THIS.
THE BEAM OF LIGHT IN THE HANGAR ATTRACTS THE SPY'S ATTENTION.

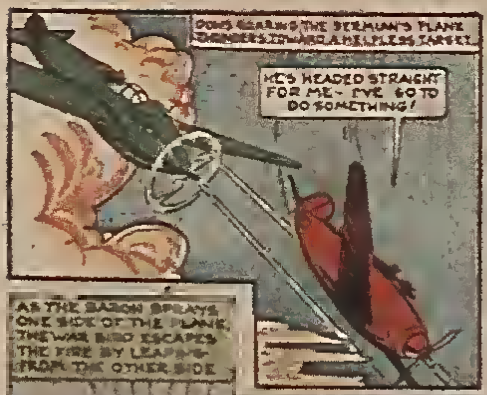
HALT, YOU!
AS HE APPROACHES, HE SEES THE DARK FIGURE OF MANFRED

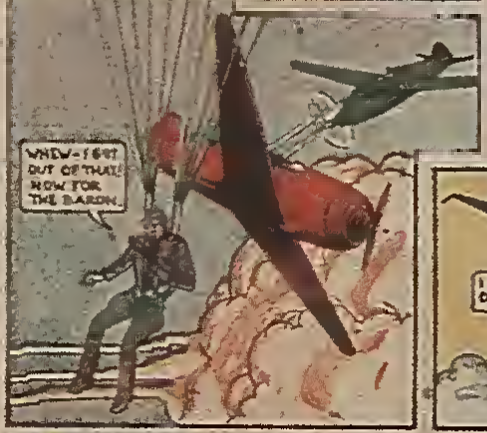
MY ANSWER, CAPTAIN SHARP.
MANFRED! A-H-H - MY SHOULDER.
THE GERMAN TURNS AND FIRES.


CAPTAIN - WHAT'S WRONG?
MANFRED - I COULD TELL BY HIS VOICE. HE WAS TAMPERING WITH THE PLANE. ALMOST GOT HIM - BUT HE HIT ME.
THE SHOOTING AFFECTS HIS SHOULDER.


THE MEN HAVE GONE OVER THE SHIP - NOTHING'S BEEN TOUCHED. HOW'S YOUR SHOULDER?
JUST A SLIGHT FLESH WOUND.

FOR MONTHS I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR THIS CHANCE.
A GERMAN SHIP SUDDENLY STRAGGLES OUT OF THE CLOUDS.
THE BARON'S PLANE - HE'S ON TIME!
THE BARON'S A CRAFTY DEVIL - HE DOESN'T GIVE ME MUCH OF A TARGET TO SHOOT AT.
HOW TO DO IT'S A SKILL AND OUT-MANEUVER THE WAR BIRD!
EXCELLENT STRATEGY - HE AVOIDS ME BY GOING INTO A BARREL ROLL.
DETERMINED, THE ALLIED ACE DOGS THE TRAIL OF HIS SKILLFUL GERMAN OPPONENT.
THE MOTOR'S GONE DEAD - THE PLANE STALLED
LITTLE DOES THE WAR BIRD REALIZE THAT MANFRED'S CHEMICAL IS RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS SUDDEN BAD LUCK.
HIS PLANE'S GONE DEAD NO PLACE FOR SENTIMENT IN A FINISH FIGHT LIKE THIS ONE - I'LL PUMP HIM FULL OF LEAD.
THE BARON PREPARES TO CLOSE IN AND TAKE FULL ADVANTAGE OF HIS OPPONENT'S MISFORTUNE.

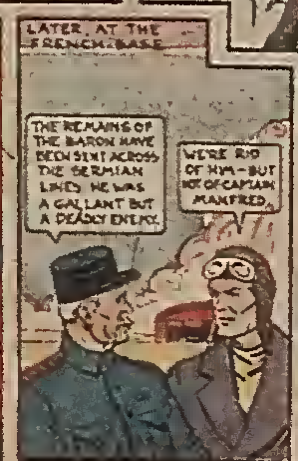

DONS GEARING THE GERMAN'S PLANE THUNDERS TOWARD A HELPLESS TARGET.
HE'S HEADED STRAIGHT FOR ME- I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING!

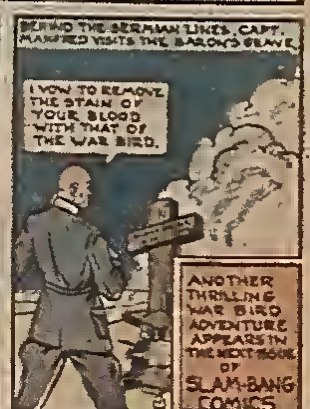

AS THE BARON SPRAYS ONE SIDE OF THE PLANE, THE WAR BIRD ESCAPES THE FIRE BY LEAPING FROM THE OTHER SIDE.
WHEW-I'VE GOT OUT OF THAT! NOW FOR THE BARON.

THE ALLIED ACE DONS A PARACHUTE AND RIPS HIS MACHINE GUN FROM ITS MOUNTING
ONE CHANCE AND I'LL TAKE IT.

AS THE GERMAN FLIES BY, THE ALLIED ACE SPRAYS THE PLANE WITH HIS MACHINE GUN.
I RECOMMEND A DIET OF HOT LEAD, BARON.

TRAPPED BY THE WAR BIRD'S STEADY FIRE, THE BARON BRAVELY MEETS DEATH.
I DIE BY THE HAND OF A BETTER MAN!


LATER, AT THE FRENCH BASE.
THE REMAINS OF THE BARON HAVE BEEN SENT ACROSS THE GERMAN LINES. HE WAS A GALLANT BUT A DEADLY ENEMY.
WE'RE RID OF HIM-BUT NOT OF CAPTAIN MANFRED.


BEHIND THE GERMAN LINES, CAPT. MANFRED VISITS THE BARON'S GRAVE.
I VOW TO REMOVE THE STAIN OF YOUR BLOOD WITH THAT OF THE WAR BIRD.
ANOTHER THRILLING WAR BIRD ADVENTURE APPEARS IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF SLAM-BANG COMICS

LEE GRANGER JUNGLE KING

THE JUNGLE KING'S FAME PENETRATES TO THE OUTER WORLD, AND A GREAT NEWSPAPER SENDS THORA BLANDON, STAR FEATURE WRITER, TO LOCATE HIM.

I'M SENDING YOU TO AFRICA TO FIND LEE GRANGER.

YOU MEAN THE JUNGLE KING? WHAT A WONDERFUL STORY!

THE UNEXPLORED WILDERNESS HOLDS FEARFUL MYSTERY AND DANGER—TO ALL BUT LEE GRANGER, THE FEARLESS JUNGLE KING.

PENETRATING THE HEART OF THE UNKNOWN, THE CARAVAN PAUSES TO MAKE CAMP.

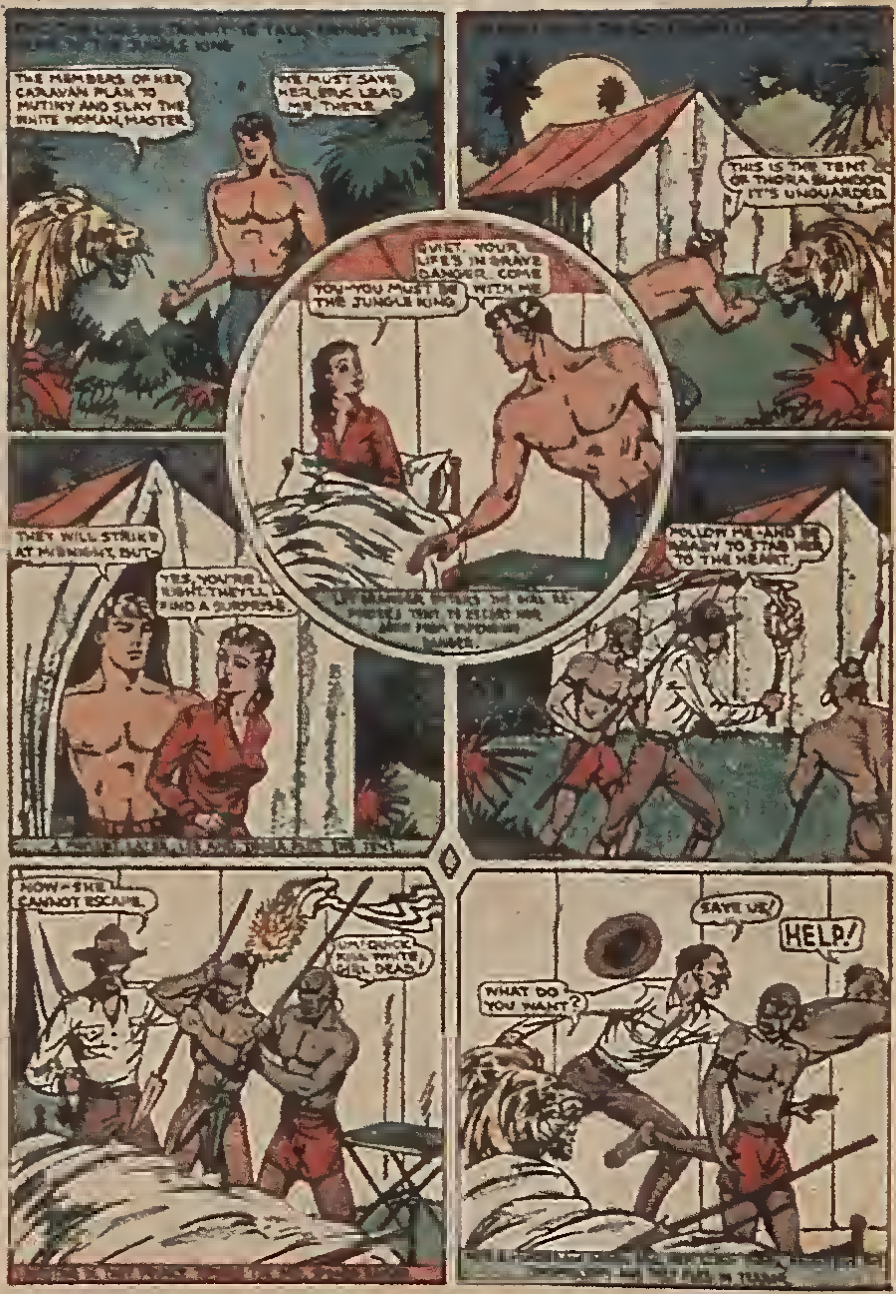
HIS COUNTRY IS NEAR. HERE—WHICH DIRECTION?

I WILL FIND OUT, MISS THORA.

AT MIDNIGHT, WHEN THE WHITE WOMAN SLEEPS, WE WILL KILL HER.

YES, AND TAKE ALL HER GOODS.

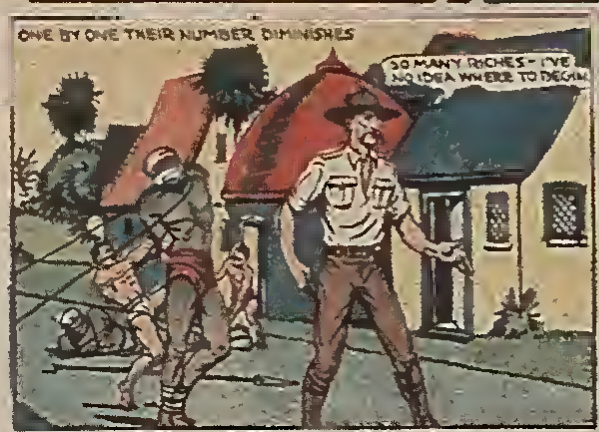
THE TRAITOROUS GUIDE PLOTS THORA'S DEATH, BUT A STRANGE BEING OVERHEARS.


THE MEMBERS OF HER CARAVAN PLAN TO MUTINY AND SLAY THE WHITE WOMAN, MASTER.
WE MUST SAVE HER, BUK! LEAD ME THERE.
THIS IS THE TENT OF THORA BLANCHOR. IT'S UNGUARDED.
SHHT. YOUR LIFE'S IN GRAVE DANGER. COME WITH ME.
YOU—YOU MUST BE THE JUNGLE KING.
THEY WILL STRIKE AT MIDNIGHT, BUT—
YES, YOU'RE RIGHT. THEY'LL FIND A SURPRISE.
FOLLOW ME—AND BE READY TO STAB HER TO THE HEART.
NOW—SHE CANNOT ESCAPE.
QUICK! KILL WHITE GIRL DEAD!
SAVE US!
HELP!
WHAT DO YOU WANT?

RUMMY'S AN EVIL SPIRIT!
SEE, THEY HEARD ERIC SPEAK, AND IT TERRIFIED THEM
THIS IS THE CAPITAL OF MY EMPIRE
I CANNOT BELIEVE MY EYES. SO TINY—YET SO BEAUTIFUL...
SHALL WE PUNISH THEM NOW, MASTER?
NOT NOW! LATER.
LAST NIGHT'S ADVENTURE HAS SOME KIND OF TRICK HERE. I'LL FOLLOW AND KILL THORA BLANDON
HER TRACKS LEAD TO THE WEST.
MEANWHILE, THE TRIBE'S ARMY PREPARES TO ATTACK THE PRIVATE CARAVAN
YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO—WORK FAST AND SILENTLY
SOON WE'LL OVERTAKE HER. SHE WILL NOT FOOL US A SECOND TIME
THE TRAIL OF THORA'S FIVE MEN'S LEADS THE CONSPIRATORS NEARER AND NEARER TO THE PRIVATE CARAVAN
ACTING SWIFTLY AND SILENTLY, THE CONSPIRATORS ATTACK A MEMBER OF THE CARAVAN.
THEIR CUTLASSES FALLING, THE SEIZING AND STRANGLING BEGIN A SERIES OF

DID YOU HEAR ANYTHING BEHIND US?
NO, YOU'RE ALL NERVOUS AFTER SEEING THAT TALKING LION
JEFFREY THE GUIDE AND HIS REMAINING PORTERS CONTINUE CAUTIOUSLY ON THEIR WAY

FINALLY THE CARAVAN REACHES THE MAIN CAPITAL
WHAT LOOT THERE MUST BE IN THIS LITTLE COMMUNITY!
SHE MUST HAVE COME TO THIS CITY

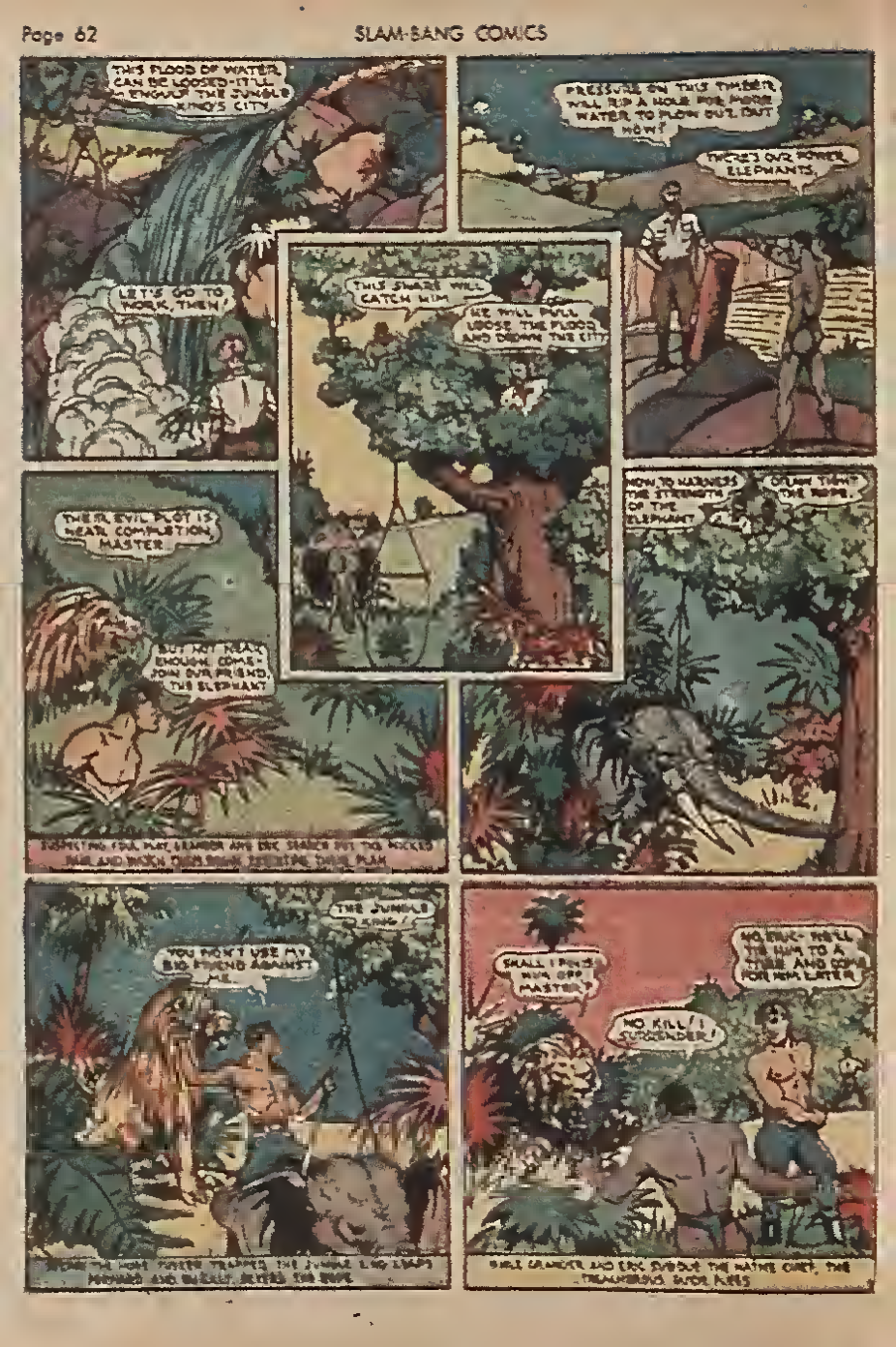

ONE BY ONE THEIR NUMBER DIMINISHES
SO MANY RICHES - I'VE NO IDEA WHERE TO BEGIN

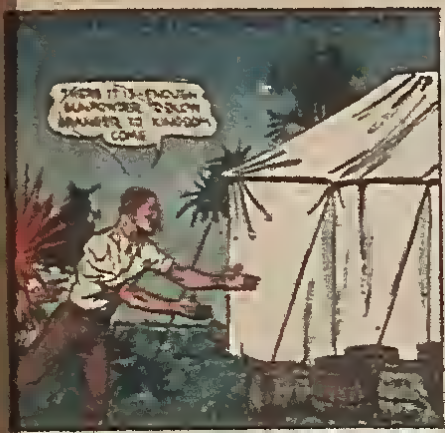
THIS MUST BE FULL OF VALUABLE THINGS

I WAS WAITING FOR YOU.
THE TALKING LION—HELP!

INSTEAD OF HIS MEN, THE FRIGHTENED GUIDE FINDS ENEMIES BEHIND HIM.
WELCOME TO OUR CITY.
HELP ME, FRIENDS —OHHH!

SHALL I RUN AFTER HIM, MASTER?
LET HIM GO, ERIC-PERHAPS HE HAS LEARNED HIS LESSON.
NOW THEN-WILL YOU SWEAR TO OBEY YOUR MISTRESS OR SHALL I HAVE YOU KILLED?
WE SWEAR
THE PYGMIES BRING IN THE CAPTIVE MUTINEERS
I THINK YOU CAN RETURN TO CIVILIZATION NOW.
BUT I MUST SEE MORE OF THE JUNGLE WONDERS FOR MY NEWSPAPER
THE RENEGADE LEADER STUMBLES AWAY, RAGING.
ALL MY PLANS BROUGHT TO NOUGHT BY THAT SCHEMING DEVIL, GRANGER.
ARE YOU A SERVANT OF THE JUNGLE KING?
NO-I HATE HIM.
THEN WE MUST BE FRIENDS. I WAS A MIGHTY CHIEFTAIN. BUT THE JUNGLE KING DEPOSED ME. SET MY SLAVES FREE.
AND HE ROBBED ME. LET US BE ALLIES AGAINST HIM.
HAVE YOU A PLAN?
A GOOD ONE. TWO BRAVE MEN CAN CARRY IT OUT.


THIS FLOOD OF WATER CAN BE LOOSED—IT'LL ENGULF THE JUNGLE KING'S CITY
LET'S GO TO WORK, THEN!
PRESSURE ON THIS TIMBER WILL RIP A HOLE FOR MORE WATER TO FLOW OUT. BUT HOW?
THERE'S OUR POWER, ELEPHANTS.
THIS SNARE WILL CATCH HIM
HE WILL PULL LOOSE THE FLOOD AND DROWN THE CITY!
THE FIEND'S EVIL PLOT IS NEAR COMPLETION, MASTER.
SEE THE PLAN ENGULFS COMES—JOIN OUR FRIEND, THE ELEPHANT
HOW TO HARNESS THE STRENGTH OF THE ELEPHANT
CUTTING THROUGH THE ROPE.
THE JUNGLE KING!
YOU WON'T USE MY BIG FRIEND AGAINST ME.
SMALL FRIENDS RUN OFF, MASTER?
NO KILL! SURRENDER!
NO, ERIC—WE'LL TIE HIM TO A TREE AND COME FOR HIM LATER.



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